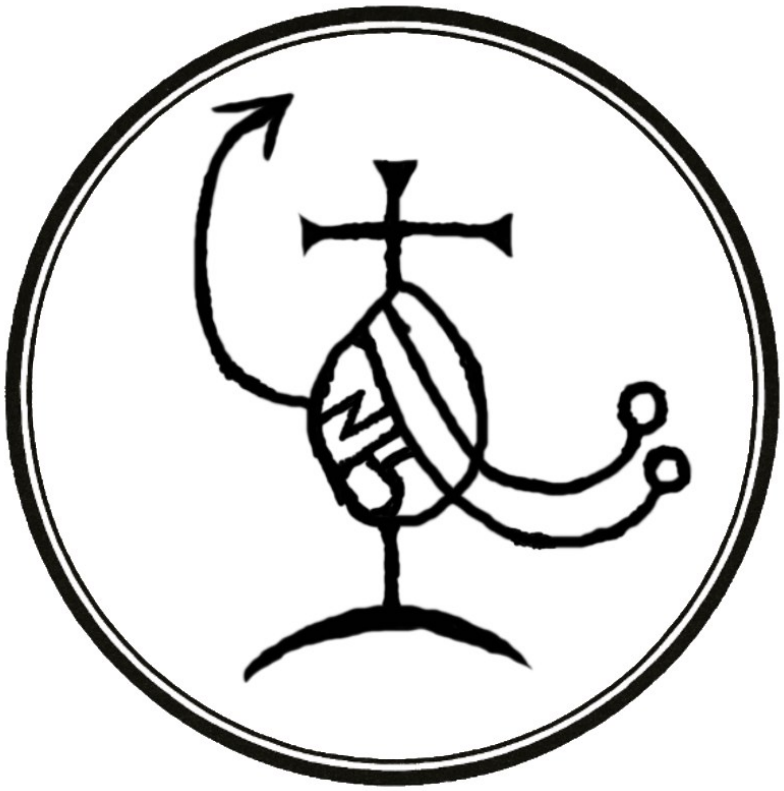
THUL



Baron & Baronessa Araignee

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Foreword

There are books that men write for knowledge, and there are books they write for art. But there are other books still—rarer, more dangerous—that are written because they must be written, because the words themselves burn to be given shape, and the visions demand bodies in ink and page. THUL is such a book. It is born not of mere invention, but of haunting; not of idle fancy, but of revelation.

Those who turn these pages should know: you do not enter lightly. For every line is more than symbol, every name more than sound. Herein myth and spell are bound together, and in their binding they form a gate. To cross it is to consent, and to read is already to begin the work.

This book you now have before you is no mere tale nor idle chronicle, but a living grimoire. Its pages are tablets of power, inscribed not only with myth but with the šiptu, the incantations that give breath to myth. Here vision is not preserved as story alone but is bound to ritual, that the vision may be made flesh in the hands of the daring. THUL is therefore no passive reading, but a book of dark praxis: a guide to summon the Covenant Gods, to command the Rib, to call the Hunters, to raise shrines for the Dead, to break unions, to bind specters, and to awaken the Guardians of the Circle.

Within these pages you will encounter the Mythos of Creation and Division, wherein is told the mystery of Xa-ze-Zahak, the Dreamer in the

Void, who divided himself into five, from which division rose the Covenant and the Rib. You will read of the Wars of the Gods, the raising of armies and the naming of generals, the battles fought against the Five Stars of Hatred, the terror of the Three Seething Specters, the Abominations of the Pit, and the Judgment of the Twilight Sword.

You will be instructed in the Teachings of Malakh'ior, who gives the circle drawn in flour, the four stones etched with glyphs, the naming of the terrible Guardians of the Quarters, the crafting of waxen figures, the raising of shrines to the dead, the vessels of clay, and the kindling of the Black Flame of Twilight. You will be given the mysteries of the Twelve Spectral Stars, with their hours, their powers, and their dominion over curse and blessing, binding and union, pestilence and wealth, trial and passion, protection and transmutation.

Here also are set the Incantations and Exorcisms, wrought in the ancient tongue of Babylonian sorcery. With them you may expel evil spirits, bind demons, set the Mountains themselves upon an enemy, summon the Hunters of the Covenant, drown adversaries in the Black Lake of Valah-Servanuh, and evoke Nur-Gishbar, God of the Twilight Fire. You will also be shown the Forbidden Temples, where are worshiped the Three Great Terrors—the Šešgallû—known as Niggir-Ḫazzû, Uridimmu-Šapliš, and Lilissu-Zababtu, together with their horrific priests, their abominations of flesh, and their mockery of the Covenant.

We, the authors, have written THUL as both homage and continuation of the great and forbidden grimoires that came before: The Necronomicon, The Black Book of Dagon, De Vermis Mysteriis, The

Gods of Pegana and The Red Book of Appin. Each of these mingled myth with spell, but THUL goes further still, bringing them into a total system of magick—a mythos complete in itself, and a working praxis by which it may be lived. The rituals, the creations, the sigils—all have been made by our own hands.

Though it is a creation of our own minds and inspirations, it is no simple fiction, for it is fully usable in magickal practice. Mesopotamian tongues have been interwoven with our own Atris dialect, that the voice of THUL might echo both the ancient and the newly revealed.

It is not written to be merely admired, but to be feared.
Not to be approached as ornament, but as door.
Not to be read alone, but to be entered.

M R Le Roux & R V Le Roux

Baron & Baronessa Araignee

Araignee Arcane Services

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The Tale of the Wanderer and the Vision of Demu

In the days when the sands still moved with the breath of forgotten kings, there came a Wanderer, Ebar-Zihrun el Samirakh, who trod the barren wastes between oases, seeking not gold nor glory, but only the mercy of shade and the drink of water.

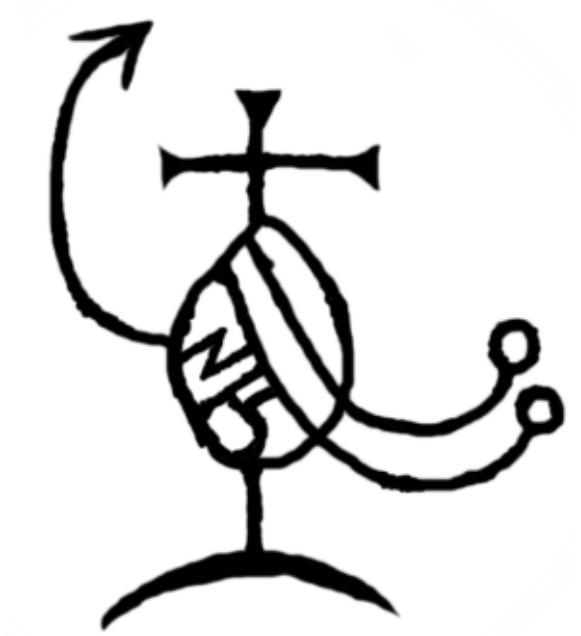
On the seventh night of his wandering, the desert rose up against him, and the winds howled like the curses of dead prophets. The storm came in fury, blotting out the stars, and the Wanderer stumbled half-blind into the jaws of the gale. Yet in that hour of despair he found a ruin, half-buried, whose stones were older than any tongue remembered. Broken pillars thrust upward like the bones of giants, and a shattered arch still bore the memory of a temple long devoted to powers not spoken of among men.

Ebar-Zihrun entered, and within he found shelter from the storm. Lightning revealed carvings upon the walls: glyphs etched in lines not wholly human, their angles crooked like the serpent's path, their curves burning into the eye. And though fear was heavy upon him, the Wanderer reached forth and touched a glyph that shone faintly beneath his fingers.

Then came the Voice of Demu the Wind-Spirit, borne not upon the air, but upon the marrow of the Wanderer's bones. And Demu spoke, saying:

The Vision of Xa-ze-Zahak

Know, O Mortal, what no priest has uttered since the sand was young. For I am Demu, the breath of the void, and I carry the remembrance of Xa-ze-Zahak, the God that was born from Chaos.



Xa-ze-Zahak arose from the writhing womb of nothingness, before desert or mountain, before beast or man. He was the First Breathing, the Unnamed Flame, whose laughter shattered the stillness of the Abyss.

From his heart there issued five great ones, born not of love but of necessity, for even the First must not be alone.

Masta-Uru, the Bear, whose strength was the shield of creation, who crushed the beasts of void with his paws.

Varduluh'oth, the Destroyer, whose face was fire and whose hands were ruin, who laid waste that new shapes might arise.

Mirunah-Zuruh, the Great Trial, who bound the works of gods and men in suffering, that they be tested in fire.

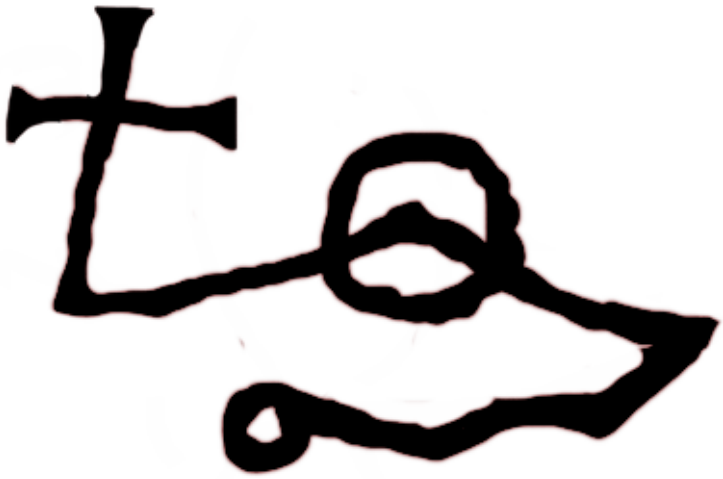
Kerush-Za-Bahl, the Mountain, who rose in stillness and would not bow, who is the pillar of endurance.

Malakh'ior, She of Sorcery, who gave shape to shadow and wove the threads of secret power through the marrow of all beings.

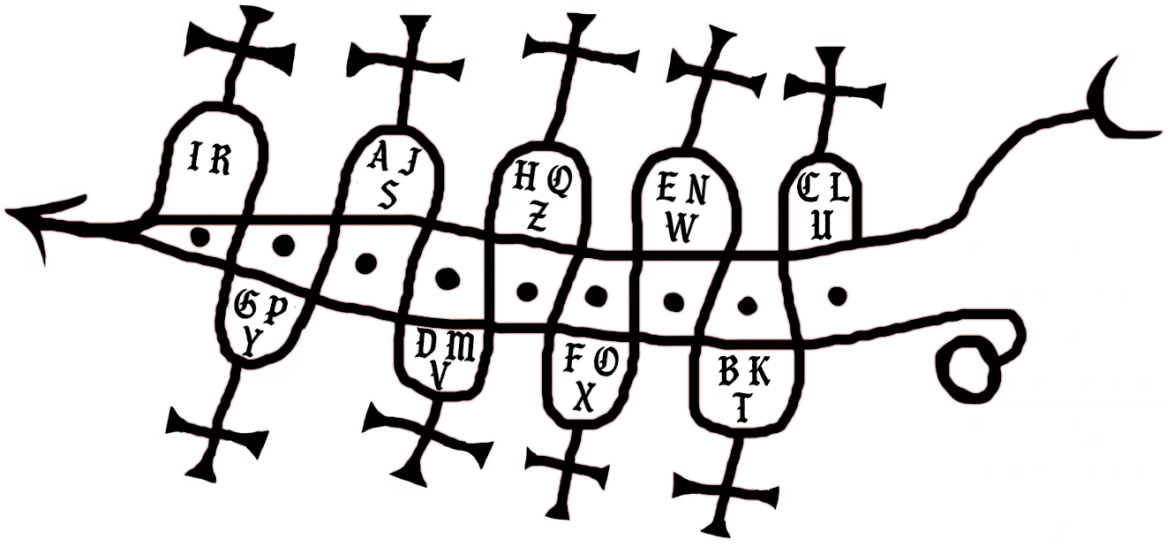
These five moved in the shadow of Xa-ze-Zahak, and their quarrels were the shaping of the worlds.

Of the Forgotten One, Barrah-Du-Zakar

Yet Demu whispered further:



There was another, before the Trial was made. His name was Barrah-Du-Zakar, the First Cause, the elder shadow. He quarreled with the other four, for he would not abide harmony, nor endure silence. He whispered into their ears, sowing enmity among them, that the strength of Masta-Uru turned against the sorcery of Malakh'ior, and that the Mountain shook beneath the fire of the Destroyer. Strife was his delight, for he was discord made flesh."



And when Xa-ze-Zahak, the Chaos-born, grew weary of his children and slept, wrapping the veil of silence about himself, then Barrah-Du-Zakar crept in darkness. With craft and venom, he laid his hand upon the chest of the Sleeper, and from the rib of Xa-ze-Zahak he fashioned a secret work. He bore it into the void, far from the sight of the other gods, and none know whether he wrought from it a world, or a beast, or a doom yet to come.

Thus it was decreed that Barrah-Du-Zakar be erased from the memory of gods and men, and in his place was set Mirunah-Zuruh, the Great Trial, that the sin of discord be hidden beneath the veil of suffering.

But I, Demu the Wind-Spirit, remember. And I whisper now into thy ear, O Wanderer, lest the rib stolen from the chest of Xa-ze-Zahak awaken, and the work of Barrah-Du-Zakar return unto the worlds.

The Covenant of the Divided God

And Demu the Wind-Spirit spake again, and his voice was like the sigh of deserts over bones long buried:

Hear further, O Wanderer, for the vision is not yet complete. For when Xa-ze-Zahak, the Chaos-Born, beheld the quarrels of his children, he grew weary with heaviness, as a mountain laden with shadows. And he summoned them before him, the Five who sprang from his heart.

Masta-Uru came, his fur heavy with blood and thunder. Varduluh'oth came, wreathed in flame, with ruin dripping from his hands. Kerush-Za-Bahl came, unmoving, his head crowned with stone. Malakh'ior came, weaving veils of sorcery about her shoulders. And last came Mirunah-Zuruh, the Great Trial, whose face was sorrow, and whose eyes were of judgment.

They stood before Xa-ze-Zahak, their Father, and the void trembled. And the Chaos-Born spake:

Children of my Breath, I am torn by your enmity. You rend the silence with quarrel, and from discord is born corruption. Therefore I shall be divided, for only in my division shall there be peace. I give unto each of you a portion of my immortal body. Take ye these fragments, and with them fashion worlds, and breathe life upon those worlds, and set your mark upon the creatures that rise. Thus shall my body become covenant, and covenant shall be law.

Then Xa-ze-Zahak tore his own flesh, and five mighty parts he set into their keeping:

To Masta-Uru, the Bear, he gave the Flesh of Might, thick with sinew and red with strength. From this shall beasts rise, fierce in tooth and claw, and men whose arms are girded with valor.

To Varduluh'oth, the Destroyer, he gave the Fire of Breath, a flame unquenchable. From this shall suns blaze and stars consume, and death shall follow close, that nothing remain eternal.

To Mirunah-Zuruh, the Great Trial, he gave the Blood of Burden, dark and bitter. This shall be poured upon every living soul, that none may escape the weight of trial, and all shall know struggle.

To Kerush-Za-Bahl, the Mountain, he gave the Bone of Endurance, stone that never bows. This shall be the root of mountains, the pillar of earth, the strength of all that endures against time.

To Malakh'ior, She of Sorcery, he gave the Veil of Dreaming, spun from the threads of his mind. This shall flow as shadow through all things, unseen yet binding, the current of power whereby the hidden is revealed.

Thus each received a piece of their Father, and the void trembled at the giving.

The Covenant Spoken

Then Xa-ze-Zahak spake the words of covenant, saying:

By my division you are bound. Never shall you gather again as five in one place, for in such gathering shall the wholeness of me awaken, and all that you have wrought will crumble into dust. Worlds shall fall silent, and the creatures of your shaping shall be undone, and you also shall pass into nothingness. This is the doom upon you, lest your strife consume creation.

While my body lies parted, I shall dream, and in my repose I shall not rise. In dream I am law, in dream I am covenant, and by my dreaming all things hold their shape. When I wake, all returns to Chaos, and none shall stand.

Thus was the covenant spoken, and the five bowed their heads, though in their hearts each held secret desire.

The Rest of Xa-ze-Zahak

Then Xa-ze-Zahak closed his eyes, and sleep like oceans fell upon him. His breath became the tides, his silence became the heavens, his repose the shadow of eternity. And as he dreamed, the Five set forth with their gifts, shaping worlds from void and filling them with living things.

The Bear clothed the worlds in creatures of tooth and fang, of claw and hide, fierce in their roaming.

The Destroyer lit the suns and placed the scourge of fire in all flesh, that life be ever at war with death.

The Great Trial poured the bitter blood upon man and beast alike, and toil and sorrow entered into them.

The Mountain raised up lands and valleys, peaks unyielding, and the deep bones of earth were laid.

She of Sorcery stretched forth the Veil of Dreaming, and in its folds dwelt spirits, phantoms, and the arts of power.

And Demu whispered: Thus the Covenant of the Divided God was sealed, and all that is owes its shape to the sundered body of Xa-ze-Zahak. But remember, O Wanderer, that in the darkness Barrah-Du-Zakar still hides, bearing the rib he stole, and in it is the seed of unmaking. Should the Five ever meet again, the rib shall awaken, the covenant shall shatter, and Xa-ze-Zahak shall stir from his repose. Then the worlds shall pass away like smoke, and even the wind, which is I, shall be no more.

The First Worship of the Five

And Demu the Wind-Spirit spake once more to the Wanderer within the ruin, saying:

Now behold the age when the children of earth, and of beast, and of the waters did lift up their voices unto the Five. For when the worlds were seeded, and the breath of Xa-ze-Zahak still warmed the dust of men, the creatures fashioned by the sundered body looked upward in fear and wonder. Knowing not the First Cause, they turned instead to his children, the Five who bore dominion.

Thus arose worship, not from love, but from dread.

To Masta-Uru, the Bear, men brought sacrifice of flesh and of bone. They laid before his altars the blood of oxen, and in the mountain caves they set great stones carved with his mark. The priests of Masta-Uru covered themselves in pelts and wore crowns of teeth, and by night they howled as the wolves, binding the strength of the Bear to their limbs.

To Varduluh'oth, the Destroyer, men built pyres that never died. They set temples where volcanoes roared, and in their rituals they cast weapons, scrolls, and their own dead into the fire, that all might be devoured in offering. His priests bore scarlet robes, and the smoke of their incense was wormwood and sulphur. They sang hymns of ending, for they said: "As the fire takes the wood, so shall the Destroyer take the soul, and nothing shall resist his hunger."

To Mirunah-Zuruh, the Great Trial, the people built labyrinths of stone and sand, wherein none found the center without suffering. Those who sought favor walked barefoot upon thorns, drank bitter draughts, and lay fasting beneath the desert sun. The priests of Mirunah wore chains upon their necks and scourged their backs with iron whips, saying: "The Trial is mercy, for without burden no spirit is strong."

To Kerush-Za-Bahl, the Mountain, temples were hewn from the rock itself, so vast that their pillars seemed as cliffs. In silence did men approach, carrying stones upon their backs to lay upon the altar, until the altars became mountains themselves. His priests took vows of silence, their tongues burned with coal, that they might speak only with the weight of stone. They taught: "What endures is true; all else crumbles."

To Malakh'ior, She of Sorcery, the people made shrines of shadow. They carved images of the moon in her phases and laid before her offerings of milk, wine, and ink. Her temples were labyrinthine chambers of mirrors and veils, and her priestesses bore serpents in their hands. They spoke enchantments in tongues not of men, weaving the breath of the air into forms unseen.

Thus did men become bound to the Five, and the Five were fed by their worship, each according to their nature.

The Moon of Sorcery

But Demu whispered further:

Know especially of Malakh'ior, She of Sorcery, for her ways are manifold, and her reach extends beyond the veil. For when the dark moon rose in conjunction, veiled and unseen by the eyes of mortals, she drew open her realm and laid a bridge between her dominion and the earth.

On such nights the air grew thick, and dogs howled at shadows. The priestesses of Malakh'ior gathered in circles of thirteen, veiled in indigo, bearing bowls of water wherein the black moon was reflected though unseen in the sky. They mixed in the bowls the blood of serpents and the ink of cuttlefish, chanting her secret names until the Veil of Dreaming fell upon them.

Then the walls of earth grew thin, and her realm pressed into the world. Spirits of shadow and whisper came forth, teaching words of sorcery and revealing herbs that bore poison and cure alike. Thus was magick sown among mankind.

Men feared Malakh'ior most of all the Five, for her hand was unseen, yet none could deny her gifts. She taught them to inscribe sigils upon clay, to summon spirits in smoke, to bind the dead with cords of hair. She gave to kings the secrets of dominion, and to priests the power of oracles. But to women who were barren, she gave fertility through her potions; to the sick, she gave healing herbs; to lovers, she gave the knot of binding.

Her temples stood not upon mountains nor open plains, but in caverns, beneath roots of trees, and in the hollow of the desert. And always at their gates were set twin pillars—one of ivory, one of onyx—between which the moon's shadow was said to pass.

The Covenant Remembered

Yet even as the worship grew, the covenant of Xa-ze-Zahak remained in silence: that the Five should never gather again in one place, for in such gathering lay their undoing. Thus the priests of each god built their temples far apart, and the rites of one were forbidden to mingle with another.

Still, whispers spread in shadow: that some among the sorcerers of Malakh'ior sought to call together the fragments of the god. For in her realm she beheld the rib stolen by Barrah-Du-Zakar, and she alone knew its hidden name.

Thus, spake Demu the Wind-Spirit, was sown the first danger of mankind: that in their hunger for power, they would forget the covenant, and stir again the sleep of Xa-ze-Zahak. And if he wake, then all returns to Chaos, and the breath of wind itself shall be scattered like dust.

The Wandering of Barrah-Du-Zakar

And Demu the Wind-Spirit whispered yet deeper into the bones of the Wanderer:

Know what befell Barrah-Du-Zakar, the First Cause, when he fled into the void with the rib torn from the chest of Xa-ze-Zahak. For as he wandered, his hatred grew, and contempt was the fire that warmed him in the endless black. He would not forget the covenant, nor would he suffer the Five to reign unchallenged, for he had been cast out from their number, and his name struck from the memory of creation.

Through gulfs of silence he drifted, across fields of cold light, where the stars themselves burned and withered. And in his wandering, he heard cries—long and mournful, the wailing of dying stars. Their voices were like iron ground against stone, their lament a chorus of fading flame.

Barrah-Du-Zakar drew near, and he spake to them, saying: "Why do ye weep and tremble in the night, O stars, whose fires should burn forever?

And the stars answered him, sighing as wounded beasts: "When Xa-ze-Zahak divided his body, he took from us our living essence, that he might grant breath and strength unto his children. In his covenant we were lessened, our fires made weak, our spirits hollow. Our light wanes, and we perish, that the Five might endure."

The Creation of the Bitter Stars

Then Barrah-Du-Zakar, burning with envy and wrath, lifted the rib he had stolen—the Rib of Binding, taken from the dream-body of Xa-ze-Zahak. He held it before the stars and spake words of venom, twisting the breath of Chaos into shape.

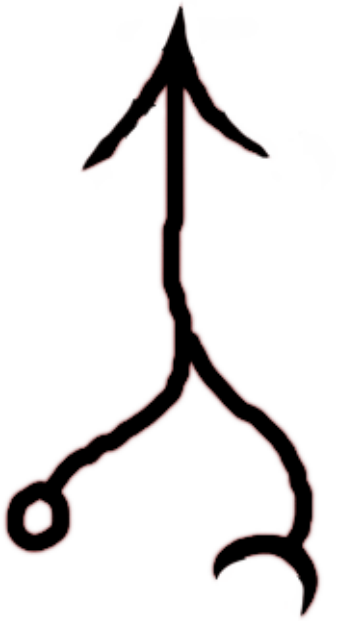
If ye would not die, then drink of my malice and live. If ye would not fade, then be clothed in the flesh of hatred, and walk in my company. I, Barrah-Du-Zakar, the First Cause, who was cast out, shall be your Father, and ye shall be my kin. Ye shall not serve the Five, nor honor the covenant, but live forever in defiance.

And with the Rib he struck each star, and their fires twisted into forms not seen before. From their anguish rose beings clothed in flesh of shadow and light of venom, each bearing reason and will, but fed with hatred.

Thus were born the Five of the Void, the Children of the Rib:

Za Garakhu, the Corruptor, whose breath is rot, who poisons all he touches, turning purity into ash.

Entulah ze Uruhasa, the Hand of Darkness, who stretches forth to strangle light, smothering flame, binding all that shines.



Ki-Zabuhl ze Enuhi, the Star of Turbulent Waters, whose tide is storm, whose waves overturn ships of gods and men alike.

Kindu ze Rabanah, the Wind of Plague, who blows pestilence into the nostrils of creation, whose step scatters sores and wasting.

Azarah-Xasu, the Poisoned Hour, in whom time itself is venom; in his presence moments curdle into decay, and all things hasten unto their corruption.

These rose up from the anguish of the stars, clothed in malice and bound by the Rib of Binding.

The Covenant of Hatred

And Barrah-Du-Zakar set them upon their path, saying:

Ye are mine, not Xa-ze-Zahak's. By my theft ye endure, and by my wrath ye live. Go forth into the gulfs and feed upon creation. Spread among the worlds hatred, plague, famine, and storm. Corrupt the temples of the Five, and whisper rebellion into the hearts of mortals. Thus shall the covenant of Xa-ze-Zahak be unmade, and his dream broken.

And the Five of the Void bowed before Barrah-Du-Zakar, swearing oaths of black fidelity. They scattered into the heavens, riding the silence between worlds, carried upon wings of anguish.

The Whisper to Mortals

Demu spake to the Wanderer, saying:

It is told that in nights of black moon, when the stars burn dim, mortals hear the whispers of these Five. They come in dreams, bearing promises of power, knowledge, and vengeance. They demand no temple, but feast upon secret sacrifices—blood spilled in solitude, bones buried beneath thresholds, the breath of the dying carried in silence. Thus their worship spreads unseen, a shadow cult across the worlds of men.

Know, O Wanderer, that as the Five of the Covenant shaped life, so the Five of the Rib sow death everlasting. And the war between them is not ended, but lives in every storm, every pestilence, every famine, and every act of corruption upon the earth.

And when Demu was silent, the Wanderer trembled, for he saw in vision the rib glowing in the hand of Barrah-Du-Zakar, a shard of the First God, binding hatred to life unending.

The Rise of the Temples of the Void

And Demu the Wind-Spirit spake again unto the Wanderer, saying:

When the Five of the Rib beheld the temples of the Covenant-Gods, raised in light and fear and sacrifice, their contempt burned like fire in the abyss. For men sang praises to the Bear and the Mountain, to the Destroyer and the Trial, to She of Sorcery—and none remembered the stars that were broken, nor the Father that was cast out. The Five of the Rib desired worship for themselves, to feed their venom and spread their hatred upon the earth.

Therefore they descended in secret, not to kings nor to priests, but to the outcasts of mankind—the lepers, the barren, the exiles, the defiled. To five of these they came, and in dreams the Rib-gods spoke, saying:

Build unto us temples as the Five have temples, and ye shall no longer be outcast, but princes among men. Call unto yourselves the broken and the forgotten, and we shall work wonders through your hands. Thus shall the Covenant be mocked, and our altars stand against their altars.

And the five outcasts became ministers of the Void, each bearing the breath of one dark star within his marrow. They gathered the despised of men, those who dwelt on the edges of fields and the shadows of cities, and they led them to the places where no human dared walk—caverns of poison, deserts where bones are white, mountains where the air itself is curse. From there they took stone and clay, red with the veins of the earth, and with it built five temples of abomination.

The Five Temples

The First Temple was raised for Azarah-Xasu, the Poisoned Hour. Within its sanctum stood an idol of a black goat, standing upright as a man, bearing in its hands two crescent sickles. Upon its head was set a jagged crown, and the sockets of its eyes were hollow, so that worshipers saw their own reflection staring back in eternal rot. This idol was fashioned from obsidian, blacker than the void between stars. At its feet they placed hourglasses filled not with sand but with ash, and when they turned them, time itself grew sickly in the temple halls.

The Second Temple was raised for Za Garakhu, the Corruptor. Therein stood an idol of a horned lion, with the tail of a scorpion and the wings of a scarab. Its jaws were ever open, and from its mouth dripped green dust that corroded the stones beneath. This figure was fashioned from cinnabar, red as pestilence. Those who bowed before it felt their flesh weaken, yet their souls swell with dark ecstasy.

The Third Temple was raised for Entulah ze Uruhasa, the Hand of Darkness. Within it stood the idol of a great serpent with three heads, each bearing a crown of thorns. Its wings spread wide like a canopy of night, veiling the fires of the lamps. The idol was wrought from onyx, polished so dark that no flame could reflect upon it. To stand before it was to lose the memory of day, and worshippers were swallowed into silence.

The Fourth Temple was raised for Ki-Zabuhl ze Enuhi, the Star of Turbulent Waters. Its idol was a dragon with six wings, each feather carved in sharp lines of hematite. Its mouth poured forth streams of salt water that never ceased, flowing into a pool at its feet. Those who drank from the pool fell into visions of storm and drowning, yet rose with tongues of prophecy, crying out the secrets of the deep.

The Fifth Temple was raised for Kindu ze Rabanah, the Wind of Plague. Its idol was carved in the form of a woman with a horned head, holding an infant to her breast. But the child's face was that of a corpse, and at her feet were piled bones of infants and mothers alike. This idol was made of red obsidian, gleaming as though wet with blood. When the faithful touched its surface, their breath grew foul and feverish, yet their voices rang with incantations that shattered the air.

The Ministers Made High Priests

And the five outcasts became High Priests, each crowned with the venom of their patron star. They clothed themselves in rags soaked with pitch, painted their bodies with ash, and carved into their flesh the glyphs of the Rib. From the altars of their temples they performed rituals of abomination, slaughtering beasts whose entrails were woven into garlands, and casting infants into the sacred flames.

Yet the faithful gathered, for in these temples miracles were shown.

In the Temple of the Goat, hours lengthened or shrank, and men stepped outside of time, glimpsing the death of empires.

In the Temple of the Lion-Scorpion, wounds festered at the word of a priest, and healed at the word of another, so that disease itself became worship.

In the Temple of the Serpent, men's shadows left their bodies and walked alone, whispering secrets stolen from distant lands.

In the Temple of the Dragon, storms gathered above the heads of the faithful, and rains fell upon their barren fields.

In the Temple of the Horned Woman, pestilence fell upon their enemies, and those who breathed their chants sent death into cities.

Thus the temples grew, and the outcasts were outcasts no longer, but kings in darkness. The poor and broken bowed at their altars, and even nobles came in secret, to buy the power of curses, of storms, of shadows.

And Demu whispered:

So it was that the worship of the Rib arose, and the covenant of Xa-ze-Zahak was mocked upon the earth. For men now gave blood not only to the Five of the Covenant, but also to the Five of Hatred, and the two currents of devotion tore against one another like storm and stone. Thus was the world made a battlefield of temples.

The Wrath of the Five Covenant Gods

And Demu said unto the Wanderer:

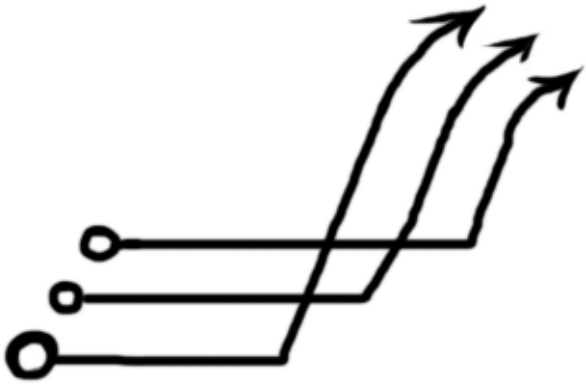
The priests of the Five Covenant Gods lifted their cries unto heaven, for their temples were mocked, their faithful led astray, and the shrines of the Void filled with abominations. They wept and tore their garments, and laid ashes upon their brows, crying: O Lords, see how thy covenant is defiled! See how the ministers of the Rib tempt thy children away, and how strange idols rise where thy altars once stood!

And the Five Gods heard. They sat in counsel within their hidden dominions, weighing wrath and judgment. And moment by moment their anger swelled as waters behind a dam, until none could restrain it. Each vowed to strike against the sacrilege of the Void.

The Generals Brought Forth

Then from their divine essence, each of the Five shaped a General of war, terrible and mighty, to lead forth their armies:

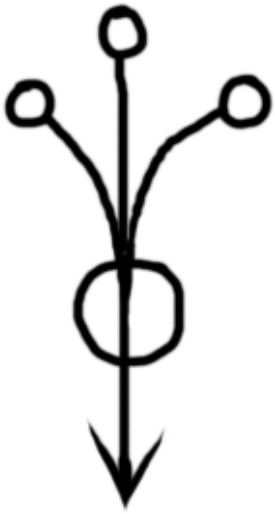
Zamu-Zuruh, Earth Talons, called up by Masta-Uru the Bear, was armored in stone and bore claws that split mountains. Wherever he struck, the ground itself buckled and rose in jagged fury.



Mirah-Eshtemu, the Flood, raised by Varduluh'oth the Destroyer, was a woman clothed in roaring waters, her eyes as whirlpools. She drowned the plain with her passing, and no fire could withstand her torrent.

Zakashi-Agha, the Priestess of the Sword, shaped by Mirunah-Zuruh, bore a hundred blades bound into her flesh. Her chants were hymns of slaughter, and her hands never tired from war.

Delamuh-Malakh, the Harvester of Sorcery, brought forth by Malakh'ior, was cloaked in ten thousand scrolls of fire. His staff summoned the dead to rise, and his breath turned the tongues of mortals into serpents.



Kurih-Purishtu, the Swift Justice, raised by Kerush-Za-Bahl, was swift as lightning and clad in unyielding bronze. His spear never missed its mark, and he struck down whole hosts before their shadows could turn.

These five Generals stood at the ready, merciless, loyal, and terrible to behold.

The Armies and Their Lieutenants

Behind them rose vast armies, drawn from the substance of their creators: beasts of claw and flame, rivers made flesh, mountains given legs, and shadows clothed in war-cry.

Among them were lieutenants of renown, chosen to enforce terror upon the field:

Tiku the Grasper, whose four arms crushed men like reeds, and who carried chains that bound even the spirits of the air.

Ana-Zaba, the Insane Vex, who laughed upon the battlefield, striking friend and foe alike, whirling blades in madness, sowing chaos wherever her steps fell.

The ground shook with the march of this host, the air filled with their cries, and the seas fled before their gathering.

The Shadow of War

And Demu whispered:

Thus the Covenant Gods set their wrath in motion, and the Void stirred with answer. For the Five Stars of Hatred beheld the armies raised against them, and their priests in the shadow-temples sang invocations of corruption, calling upon Za Garakhu, Entulah ze Uruhasa, Ki-Zabuhl ze Enuhi, Kindu ze Rabanah, and Azarah-Xasu, the Poisoned Hour. And lo, the first war between gods and stars, between covenant and rib, was prepared to be waged upon the world of men.

The Birth of the Host of the Rib

And Demu spake again to the Wanderer, his voice as the breath of dust sweeping across tombs:

The Five Stars of Hatred rejoiced when they beheld the armies of the Covenant, for their hearts were sharpened with malice and their delight was in strife. They raised their voices in laughter, and the sound was like iron grating against the marrow of men. Then did they rend open their own livers, and from within drew forth unnumbered seeds, black and gleaming as obsidian hail. These they cast upon the defiled ground, which was already soaked with the blood of sacrifices.

The earth groaned, blackened and hissing, as though it despised the burden laid upon it. The soil writhed like serpents, and fissures split across the plains, exhaling vapors that choked the breath of beasts and men. From that corrupted earth rose forth an army, vast as the sea, hideous beyond telling.

The Five Generals of the Void

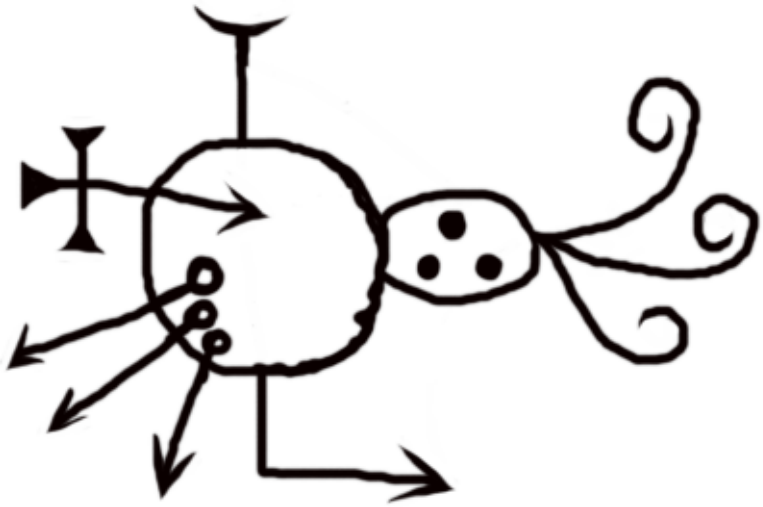
The first to arise were Five Generals, born of the poisoned seeds, who bore the command of the dark host:

Arah, the Defiler of Flesh, whose body was clothed in sores, whose hands dripped with corruption. Where he touched, bodies rotted while still alive, and flesh fell from the bone as wax from flame.

Karush, the Seething Dart, swift as venom and blazing with unending rage. His form was a storm of barbs and spears, and none could strike him, for he was like lightning given form.

Nammush, the Veiled Harpy, whose wings were shadows, whose face none beheld. Her cry shattered the bones of men, and she flew unseen, striking without warning.

Zarru, the Cleaver of Temples, a colossus of ruin, wielding a blade hewn from the very stone of altars. No shrine stood against him, for he sought the destruction of every holy place upon earth.



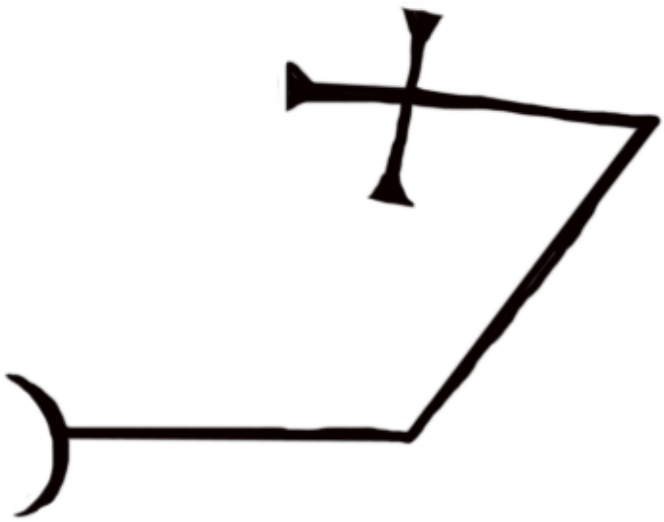
Irruga, the Tabernacle of Torment, a living prison, whose body bore chains and wheels of fire. Within him the cries of captives were never silent, and his torment spread like a pestilence into the hearts of those who beheld him.

These rose as pillars of blasphemy, commanding the armies of the Void.

The Lieutenants of Abomination

And under their banners came lieutenants, ferocious and cunning, whose names were spoken with dread:

Karnigoth, the Ravenous, whose mouth gaped unending, devouring flesh and spirit alike, never sated.



Urga-Tash, the Weeping Death, who slew not with blade but with sorrow, for his tears were poison that fell upon hosts, drowning them in despair.

And many others: nameless hordes with eyes of flame, limbs of iron, and voices like the baying of wolves starved for carrion.

Together they formed a host uncountable, more numerous than locusts, more dreadful than storms.

The Blessing of Barrah-Du-Zakar

Then did Barrah-Du-Zakar descend upon them, the First Cause, father of the Rib. From his mouth poured laughter like rivers of ash, and from his heart issued black steaming blood. He lifted his hand and let it rain down upon the legions of the Void.

The blood fell hot upon them, boiling and hissing, searing their flesh yet driving them into frenzy. They screamed with one voice—a chorus of madness, terror, and lust for war. Their cries shattered mountains, their screeches deafened mortals, and their howls tore across the heavens like wild fire.

So great was the cacophony that the Four Pillars of Existence trembled:

The Pillar of Earth quaked and split.

The Pillar of Waters surged with storm.

The Pillar of Winds screamed in madness.

The Pillar of Fire flared as though to consume all.

And Xa-ze-Zahak, the Chaos-Born, stirred in his slumber. His dream faltered, and his breath grew troubled, shaking creation.

The Shadow Before the War

And Demu whispered:

Thus were the armies of the Void arrayed against the armies of the Covenant, each bearing generals of terror and lieutenants of dread. The earth groaned beneath their weight, the seas recoiled, and the stars dimmed for fear of what was to come. Mortals hid in caverns and trembled, for the clash of these two hosts was to be no mere war, but a tearing of creation itself.

And so the Wanderer beheld the vision: black armies rising, shining hosts answering, generals crowned with wrath, and Barrah-Du-Zakar blessing his brood with blood unending. And all the worlds shook beneath the shadow of the war to come....

The Halt Before Twilight

And Demu spake unto the Wanderer:

The hosts of the Covenant and the hosts of the Rib advanced upon one another. The drums of war beat like thunder in the marrow of creation, and the trumpets of battle shook the pillars of the world. The earth split, the seas churned, the skies screamed, and the stars dimmed for fear. Each god kept their distance from the others, remembering the covenant of division, yet aligning their forces in cunning formations—except one.

For Malakh'ior, She of Sorcery, would not strike. She beheld her brother Barrah-Du-Zakar and the armies of the Void, and her heart would not make war against him. She folded her veils around her and stood still, weaving no spells, raising no hand, only watching as the tide of conflict swelled to breaking.

The other Four looked upon her with scorn, but none turned aside from their chosen wrath. Their eyes were consumed with vengeance, and their will was set upon battle.

Then the moment came—the clash was at hand—and all existence held its breath.

The Awakening of Xa-ze-Zahak

But suddenly all sound perished. The drums ceased, the trumpets fell silent, the cries of the armies froze upon their lips. Even the winds of Demu halted in mid-breath, for between the two hosts stood Xa-ze-Zahak, the Chaos-Born, no longer slumbering.

He rose vast as the void, terrible beyond sight, his form veiled in searing light and fathomless shadow. His gaze fell upon both armies, and the fury of his eyes was as a sun devouring worlds.

And he spake, his voice as a raging tsunami crashing against the shores of eternity:

I shall no longer abide these displays of arrogance. My covenant ye have profaned. My division ye have mocked. Ye were given pieces of my body that ye might shape creation, not rend it with blood and vanity. Thus I speak: all aggression shall cease. All armies shall dissolve. All wrath shall halt from this moment forth.

The Sword of Twilight

And Xa-ze-Zahak lifted his hand, and from his palm there fell a burning sword, vast as the horizon, its blade shimmering with both dawn and dusk. The sight of it filled even the Generals with trembling.

Between thee I set this sword, and its name shall be Twilight, thundered Xa-ze-Zahak. This sword shall endure not as a weapon of destruction, but as covenant and reminder. It shall not remain as one, but take the form of five temples, set in places hidden and terrible, each bearing both light and shadow. These temples shall serve both the Five of the Covenant and the Five of the Rib. To each shall be given dominion in part, but in whole none shall claim them, for they are mine.

Thus shall balance be preserved: that neither light consume all, nor shadow devour all. For in balance is the Dream sustained, and while my Dream endures, so too shall existence. But if the sword be broken, or the temples defiled beyond remembrance, then I shall rise again, and my rising shall be the end of all, a return unto Chaos without form.

The Covenant of Twilight

Then Xa-ze-Zahak declared:

This is my covenant, and it shall be called The Covenant of Twilight. By this shall both the gods of the Covenant and the gods of the Rib be bound, and by this shall men know that life and death, creation and corruption, dawn and dusk, shall all be mingled as one river flowing unto the sea. I have spoken and I have commanded. Thus it stands.

And in that hour, the leaders of the armies—Generals of wrath and Generals of torment—laid down their weapons and signed the covenant with the mark of their essence, binding their hosts in oath. With screams and groans, the armies dispersed, each host returning to its own dominion: the Covenant to their temples of stone and flame, the Void to their shrines of corruption and night.

Xa-ze-Zahak turned his gaze upon Malakh'ior, She of Sorcery, and though he spake no word, she veiled her face in silence, knowing that her refusal had altered the fate of all.

And once more Xa-ze-Zahak closed his eyes, retreating into Dream. But his rest was no longer deep, and Demu whispered:

Beware, O Nabiru, for the Dream of Xa-ze-Zahak grows fragile. The sword of Twilight is balance, but balance is a narrow path, and many are the hands that would unmake it.

The Shadow Beyond Twilight

And Demu the Wind-Spirit spake again, though his voice now trembled as the sighing of a dying flame:

Nabiru, know this—while the Covenant of Twilight was forged and Xa-ze-Zahak returned unto his troubled Dream, there were watchers unseen. Neither god nor star perceived them, not even Xa-ze-Zahak in his fury, for they stood beyond the light of his gaze. They were four, and they beheld all things from the silence of the shadows. Terrible were their forms, and their names were dread unto the marrow.

The Four Horrific Ones

Varu-Zigu, the Valley of Tongues: a being whose body was a gorge filled with living tongues, whispering, shrieking, gnashing. Each tongue spoke a different language of lies, so that none who heard could discern truth. His voice echoed across gulfs, planting falsehood into the minds of both gods and mortals alike.

Alihastra-Hasturu, the Rotten Cauldron: her belly was a pit of boiling filth, in which swam fragments of dead gods and rotting stars. Her breath was the stench of decay, and her hands stirred the cauldron endlessly, conjuring vapors of corruption that seeped into the veins of worlds.

Deeluh-Pontanthu, the Seven Deserts: a giant draped in shrouds of sand, whose seven mouths blew storms that stripped flesh from bone. His steps turned rivers into dust, and his seven gazes turned kingdoms into wastelands. None could number the graves left behind him, for they were swallowed in dunes eternal.

Marunthu-Rushthu, the Crawling Graves: neither beast nor man, but a mass of sepulchers upon innumerable legs. From every tomb-mouth issued skeletal arms, and within each coffin lay worms of fire. Wherever he passed, new graves opened beneath the feet of the living, pulling them down into endless burial.

These four entered through a forgotten tear, a portal long sealed yet not destroyed, fashioned in the first Dawn by powers older than even Xa-ze-Zahak. It was wrought from liminal prowess, the in-between, where shadow meets light, where dream meets waking, where silence marries sound. None remembered its forging, yet it endured—a weakness in the fabric of the Dream.

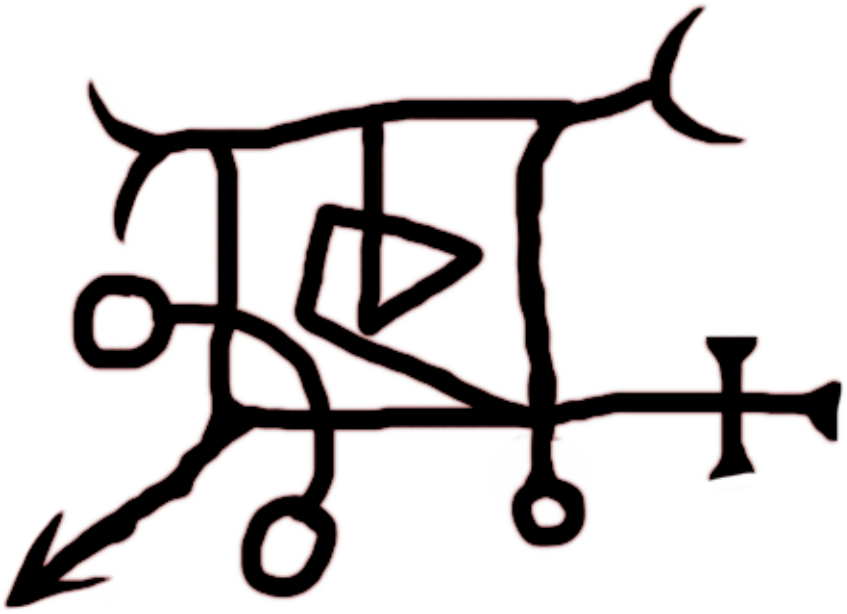
The Descent Into the Realm of Men

Through that portal they came unseen, walking not in the courts of gods nor in the shrines of stars, but entering directly into the world of men. No god marked their passing, for they cloaked themselves in the folds of what is neither being nor unbeing. They walked among men as pestilence, as madness, as famine, as silence, unseen yet ever felt.

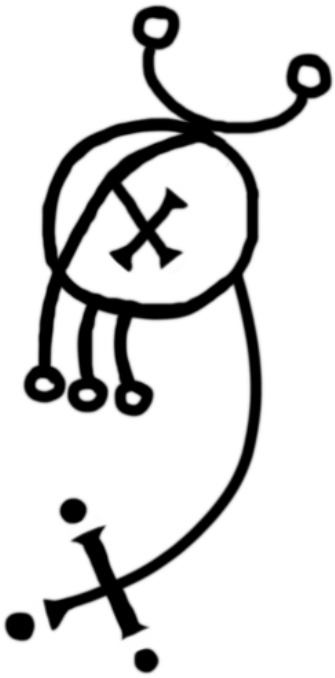
No man nor god knew their origin, nor what end they sought. Their ambition was hidden even from themselves, for they were hunger in form, not intent. Yet men who wandered too far into ruins or deserts told of shadows that bore whispers, cauldrons that boiled without fire, sands that moved without wind, graves that walked.

The Seals of the Gates

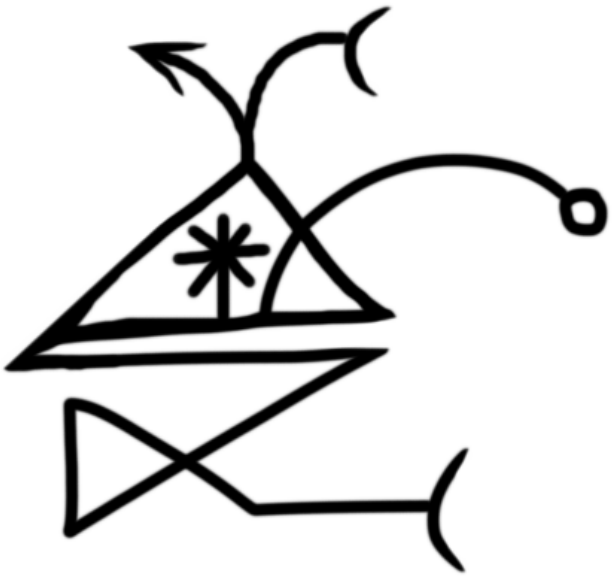
But Demu whispered further:



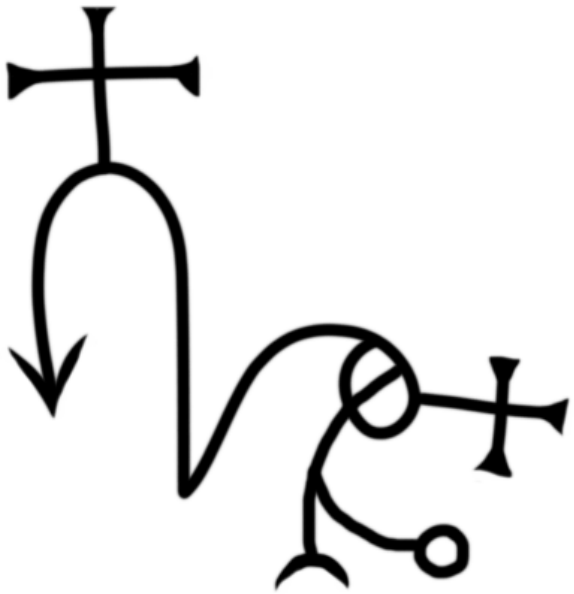
Though unseen, though unknown, these Four may yet be reached. For the portal that bore them into the realm of men was not fully sealed, and by cunning of seal and rite their dominions may be touched. There exists a Sign, hidden in fragments across stone and clay, known to a few mad scribes: the Seal of the Forgotten Gate, the Seal of Uruh-Zigushmah. To trace it is to draw near their domain; to open it is to step into their grasp.



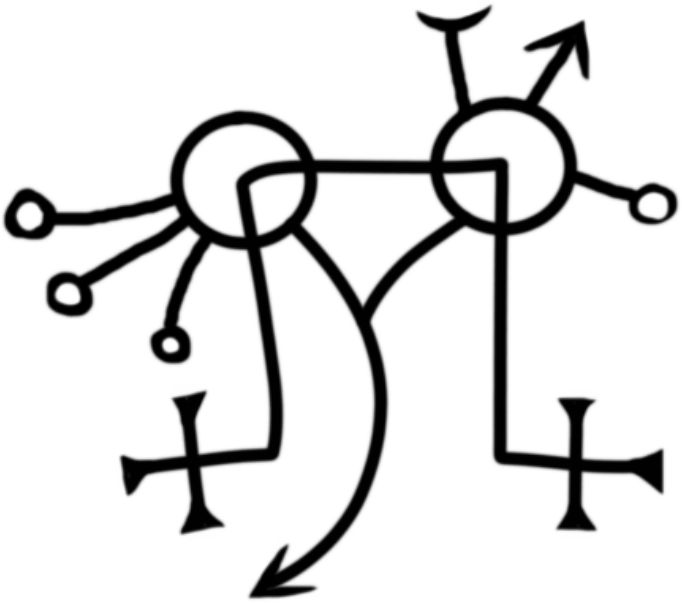
Through the Seal of Varu-Zigu, one enters the Valley where tongues speak without end, and there men lose their voices forever, consumed by endless chatter of lies.



Through the Seal of Alihastra-Hasturu, one gazes into the Rotten Cauldron, and from its steam drinks both poison and forbidden knowledge. Many who seek power drown in her filth.



Through the Seal of Deeluh-Pontanthu, one wanders the Seven Deserts, where no oasis may be found, and each dune hides another death.



Through the Seal of Marunthu-Rushthu, one stumbles into the Crawling Graves, where the earth itself rises to swallow intruders, and they are buried alive with worms of fire.

Yet those who return from these domains bear strange gifts—tongues that speak all lies, herbs that kill and heal alike, sand that burns as flame, and bones that walk in servitude. Thus cults were born in secret, for men ever hunger for what is forbidden.

The Hidden Fear of Demu

And Demu said unto Nabiru:

These Four are not of the Covenant, nor of the Rib, nor even of Xa-ze-Zahak's Dream. They are outside, and thus terrible beyond measure. If gods contend again, they will not be the undoing of the Dream—for the undoing already walks among men in the forms of Varu-Zigu, Alihastra-Hasturu, Deeluh-Pontanthu, and Marunthu-Rushthu. Remember this, O Wanderer, for though Xa-ze-Zahak did not see them, their shadows fall even across his sleep.

And Nabiru trembled, for he beheld visions of men bowing to crawling graves, of kings whispering tongues not their own, of waters fouled by cauldrons of rot, of cities swallowed by endless sands. And he knew that the gods waged war in blindness, while another doom had already entered the realm of men.

The Realms of the Four Horrific Ones

And Demu the Wind-Spirit spake with dread, saying:

Know, O Nabiru, that the Four Horrific Ones who passed unseen into the realm of men each bears a dominion outside the Dream of Xa-ze-Zahak. These realms are not bound to the Covenant of Twilight, nor to the Rib, nor to the Covenant Gods, for they exist between—half in dream, half in void, half in nothingness. Their lands are thresholds, liminal gulfs, and to step within them is to fall forever into the jaws of paradox. Hear then of these realms, and tremble.

I. The Valley of Tongues (Varu-Zigu)

The Valley of Tongues stretches endless beneath a sky that shifts from red to black, never knowing sun or moon. It is a gorge deeper than seas, its walls slick with tongues of every size—human, beast, angel, demon, and star alike—writhing and quivering in ceaseless motion.

They speak all tongues at once: hymns, curses, prophecies, lies, laughter. The sound is a storm of words that drowns reason. Any who enter lose their own voice, their tongues swelling until torn from their mouths, to join the walls of the valley forever.

Rivers of saliva flow along its floor, carrying bones polished smooth by centuries of licking. Pilgrims who wander here find themselves

whispering words they never learned, spells they should not know, and lies they cannot stop.

At the valley's heart sits Varu-Zigu himself, a chasm-shaped throne crowned with tongues of fire, feeding ever upon the voices of mortals. His realm is not entered without cost, for to pass into the Valley of Tongues is to become another voice in his eternal chorus.

II. The Rotten Cauldron (Alihastra-Hasturu)

The realm of Alihastra-Hasturu is a vast cavernous pit, endless in descent, filled with vapors thick as tar. At its center bubbles the Rotten Cauldron, a vessel large as a mountain, boiling with black bile, rotting stars, fragments of forgotten gods, and the limbs of mortals who strayed too near.

The walls drip with pus and decay; the air reeks of rot so thick it clings to the skin like oil. Worms of flame swim in the cauldron, devouring and vomiting the flesh of all who fall within.

Here Alihastra stirs with her skeletal arms, mixing the refuse of creation into her brew. Those who enter may drink of the cauldron: to some it grants visions of futures not yet born, to others it grants madness, to most only death.

It is said her cauldron's steam seeps into the realm of men in plagues and miasmas, in spoiled harvests and stagnant waters. Sorcerers who summon her realm do so by inhaling fumes from vessels of blood and rot, but most who attempt this choke and die, their souls poured into her cauldron forever.

III. The Seven Deserts (Deeluh-Pontanthu)

The realm of Deeluh-Pontanthu is seven deserts joined as one, stretching without end. Each desert is more barren and terrible than the last:

1. A desert of burning glass, where sand cuts the flesh and eyes bleed at the horizon.
2. A desert of black ash, where skeletal beasts roam endlessly, gnawing on nothing.
3. A desert of salt, whose dunes gleam white but where thirst grows unbearable, and water turns to poison.
4. A desert of red sand, which blows unceasing storms that strip flesh from bone.
5. A desert of shadows, where the sun never rises, and footsteps echo though no path exists.
6. A desert of silence, where no sound may be made, and wanderers suffocate in dread.
7. A desert of bone, where the earth itself is made of skulls and femurs, stretching beyond sight.

The Seven Deserts turn endlessly, so that none may pass through them; each leads into the next, and the seventh leads back into the first.

At the center of each desert stands one of Deeluh's seven mouths, gaping wide, exhaling storms that carry death into the worlds of men. To see him is to see the horizon itself rise up and devour the sun.

It is said whole caravans have been swallowed by the Seven Deserts, never to return, their bones joining the infinite dunes.

IV. The Crawling Graves (Marunthu-Rushthu)

The realm of Marunthu-Rushthu is an endless plain of graves that move as if alive. Mounds crawl on a million insectile legs, dragging their coffins across shifting soil. The sky is gray, weeping ash instead of rain.

Each grave bears an epitaph in a tongue unknown, glowing faintly with a red luminescence. From time to time, a grave will crack open, and skeletal hands stretch outward, pulling the living down into the coffin's maw. Worms of fire crawl from one grave to another, feeding the endless hunger of the plain.

The ground itself exhales the smell of corpses, and the air hums with the sighs of the buried. Pilgrims who wander here feel their own names being carved upon headstones, though they live still. Should they linger, they will stumble and fall into an open grave, never to rise again.

At the plain's heart moves Marunthu-Rushthu, a mountain of graves upon colossal legs, every step shaking the realm. From him pour new sepulchers, each dragging itself into place, swelling the endless necropolis.

It is whispered among mortals that the Crawling Graves sometimes bleed into the waking world, and lone wanderers in the desert see tombs moving upon the sand, vanishing when approached, leaving only a shallow pit where once was solid ground.

The Hidden Terror

And Demu whispered unto Nabiru:

These realms are not of creation, nor of void, but of what lies beside both. They are unseen by gods, forgotten by stars, ignored by Xa-ze-Zahak himself. Yet their seals remain, and men who dare inscribe them may pierce the veil and enter. Many who return bear strange relics—tongues that speak all falsehood, sand that burns like coals, worms that glow with fire, waters that never rot. Such relics draw cults, and such cults multiply, though they bring ruin upon all who partake.

Beware, O Nabiru, for the realms of the Four Horrific Ones hunger for men. And though none knows their origin, their eyes are upon the Dream, and one day they shall open their gates not by seals, but by will, and the world shall become their dominion of tongues, cauldrons, deserts, and crawling graves.

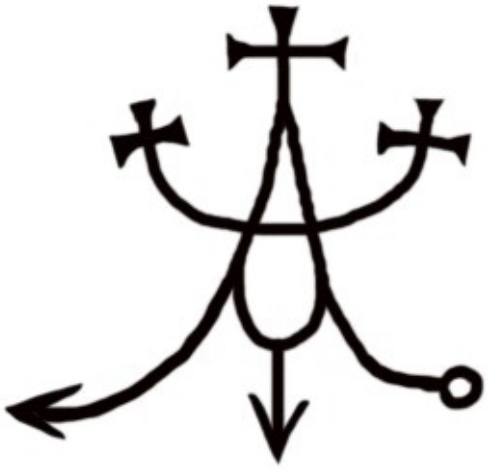
The Rising of the Three Seething Specters

And Demu spake again, his voice laden with dread, saying:

Though the Covenant of Twilight had stilled the armies of the Five Gods and the Five Stars, the earth yet bled. For the ground, blackened and drenched in corrupted blood, groaned with the weight of bitterness and the residue of war. From that soil—seeded not by covenant but by contempt—arose three seething specters, clothed in flesh woven of scar and vein, vessels of pure malice.

Their bodies were a tapestry of ruined sinew, stretched and bound with creeping black veins that pulsed with venomous hatred. Their eyes were voids of night, hollow and pitiless, burning with no flame but hatred cold and infinite. They clothed themselves in the blackest robes of profanity, their hoods drawn low so that no countenance was seen, only darkness deeper than the void.

They knew nothing of the Covenant of Twilight, nor would they have cared had they known, for they were not born of Dream, nor of Law, but of hatred itself, animated and unquenchable.



The first was Suruh-Gavanih, Vengeance, whose presence was a curse upon memory, for all who beheld him felt the bitterness of old wrongs burning anew.

The second was Gavanih-Kah, Wrath, whose steps cracked stone and whose scream shattered glass, for fury itself was his marrow.

The third was Baraski-Gavanih, Fierce Hatred, whose eyes alone slew hope, and whose twin blades thirsted not only for blood but for the light of life itself.

Each bore a blackened double-edged sword in both hands, blades forged not by smith but by abomination—blades that hungered for life, whose wounds bled endlessly until death claimed its victim. They were born not to plague men nor to blight beasts, but to unmake gods. They were god-killers.

The Slaughter of Priests and Servants

The Three fell first upon the temples of both sides. Priests of the Covenant and servants of the Rib alike were slaughtered without distinction, for hatred acknowledges no allegiance. In a single hour, hundreds lay dead—their bones cracked, their blood feeding the blades of the specters. Altars were overturned, shrines blackened with ash, and sacred vessels were filled with gore.

The faithful cried out, their voices carried unto their gods, who trembled in dread—for they knew that the Covenant of Twilight itself was now imperiled. For if these beings, born of hatred alone, struck at gods, the sword of Twilight would shatter, and Xa-ze-Zahak would stir once more unto wrath unquenchable.

The Councils of the Gods

In haste, the Five of the Covenant and the Five of the Rib, forgetting for a moment their enmity, resolved to act. They would not march armies, lest the specters feed further upon war, but would send forth champions:

From the Void came Karush the Hunter, a beast of night whose limbs were like spears, whose teeth could rend stone, whose eyes were lanterns of malice.

At his side came Malku his Hound, a creature stitched of shadow and fang, whose breath brought death to every living thing.

From the Covenant came Tiku the Grasper, whose four arms crushed foes as reeds, whose chains could bind even spirits of the air. With him strode Delamuh-Malakh, the Harvester of Sorcery, cloaked in scrolls of fire, who carried in his breath a thousand incantations.

These four were joined in a terrible mission: to hunt the god-killers, and bind them before they unmade all creation.

The Chains of Twilight Fire

From the Temples of Twilight, where the sword had first been laid down, the high priests fashioned chains wrought from the very fire of Twilight itself—a fire neither light nor shadow, but the mingling of both. These chains glowed with dusk at one end and dawn at the other, binding hatred with the strength of balance.

The chains were bestowed upon Tiku, the Grasper, whose arms were strong enough to bear them. With them alone could the specters be bound, for no blade nor spear could harm them, and no spell could undo their flesh of vengeance.

The Hunt of the Three

Karush and his Hound Malku tracked the specters by scent of marrow and trail of ashes, pursuing them beyond the edges of the world of men, into the Outskirts, where shadows fall long and waters flow backward. There they found the Three feasting upon the marrow of infants, their black blades dripping with lifeblood, their laughter the gnashing of stones.

The battle that followed raged for seven days and seven nights.

Karush leapt with claws bared, but Suruh-Gavanih severed one of his limbs. Malku tore at Wrath's robe, but his fangs glanced against the specter's void-flesh. Tiku struck with his chains, but the specters dissolved into shadow and reappeared behind him. Delamuh-Malakh summoned storms of flame, yet the specters fed upon fire, growing more dreadful with every spell.

At last, upon the seventh day, Karush, torn and bleeding, cast himself upon Gavanih-Kah, pinning him, while Malku, howling with its putrid breath, tore through the robes of Baraski-Gavanih. In that instant, Tiku cast the chains of Twilight Fire upon them all, binding their limbs.

The specters screamed with voices that shattered mountains, and the waters boiled beneath their cries. Even though wounded Delamuh-Malakh raised his staff and wove spells of suspension, freezing their essence between one breath and the next. Over them he cast three Seals of Binding, etched in the air with words of twilight fire.

The Black Lake of Valah-Servanuh

Bound in chains, sealed with spells, the Three were carried to the southward waters of the Black Lake, Valah-Servanuh, a place so deep the bottom has never been seen, its waters still as death, reflecting no star.

There they were hurled, the chains dragging them beneath the surface, the seals closing above them like doors of iron. The lake swallowed them whole, and silence fell upon the world.

To this day, the Black Lake remains cursed. No fish swims in its depths, no bird flies above it, no man dares drink of it. The waters are said to whisper with voices of vengeance, wrath, and hatred, and those who draw too near see ripples though no wind blows. Some say that on nights of black moon, three hoods rise just above the surface, their void-eyes gleaming, hungering still for gods.

The Whisper of Demu

And Demu said unto Nabiru:

So were the Three Seething Specters bound, their hatred drowned in the Black Lake Valah-Servanuh. But hatred does not die—it only waits. If ever the chains of Twilight Fire weaken, if ever the Seals of Binding fade, then Vengeance, Wrath, and Fierce Hatred shall rise again, their swords thirsting for gods and men alike. Remember this, O Wanderer, for many are the cults who seek Valah-Servanuh, believing that in the release of the Three lies power unmeasured."

And Nabiru trembled, for in vision he beheld the lake, dark as the abyss, and heard the muffled clang of swords striking from beneath its waters, ever seeking release.

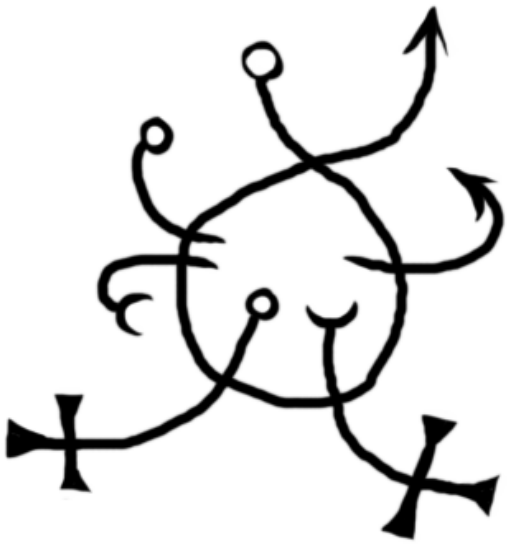
The Forbidden Gods of the Pits

And Demu spake again, his voice laden with dread, saying:

Beneath the feet of the Scorched Mountains, where the stone is burnt and the earth is blackened, there lie the Pits which no god of Twilight dare to tread. Therein, in the hollows of ash and sulphur, dwell three Abominations, whose names are cursed, whose temples are forbidden, whose worship is death.

The first is named Niggir-Ḫazzû, and his countenance is the face of the swine, crowned with the horns of the bull. His bloated flesh is wrapped in the putrid scales of a fish, glistening with corruption. His feet are cloven like the goat of sacrifice, yet his hands bear five clawed fingers, from whose palms drips yellow ichor, burning as venom upon the ground. Wherever it falleth, the earth is barren and the seed withereth. His voice is a grunt of famine and his breath the stench of rotting flesh.

The second is named Uridimmu-Šapliš, the Wolf from the Depths. In a pool of black brine and sulphurous foam he abideth, his head that of the dire wolf, his maw drooling venomous ink. Four pairs of yellow eyes burn upon his brow, and his body is mantled in writhing tentacles, as a cloak of living serpents. No limb is seen, for he moveth in a slither of unclean feelers, dragging himself through slime and poison. He is the Drowner of men, the Choker of lungs, the Bitter River which feedeth no life.



The third is named Lilissu-Zababtu, the Spider-Scorpion Hag, whose dwelling is the hollow of the Mountain itself. From her breasts doth issue an endless weaving of thread, binding all she ensnareth. A scorpion's tail is fixed unto her spine, dripping venom unceasingly. Her visage is that of a baboon, hideous in its mockery of woman's face, her teeth like yellow sabres, her eyes blood-red with endless hunger. A mane of grey, unkempt hair hangeth matted upon her back. Her arms are doubled, ending in clawed hands blackened as obsidian, whilst six arachnid legs of red and yellow lift her monstrous form. In her web dangle the husks of men, drained of life, swaying like broken fruit in a windless night.

And I, Demu, beheld also the temples of these Three. They were raised at the foot of the Scorched Mountains by madmen and apostates, who in darkness wrought their worship. These temples were not shaped as the houses of the Covenant, but as nightmares made stone. Blackened walls of scorched rock and bleached bones were their pillars, and within no lamp was kindled, for light itself fled their chambers.

The altar of Niggir-Ḫazzû was a trough filled with the blood of swine, ever rotting and bubbling. The shrine of Uridimmu-Šapliš was a cavern of stagnant pools, reeking of sulphur and foam. And the temple of Lilissu-Zababtu was a hollow strung with endless webs, where the husks of men and beasts hung rotting.

And their worship was forbidden by decree of the Covenant, for they had no reverence for the Sword of Twilight, but spat upon its oath. Their priests raised no incense save the smoke of carrion, their sacrifices were not the gifts of life but the spoil of decay.

Know ye then, O wanderer, that to speak their names is peril, to approach their altars is death, and to serve them is to be unmade. For these are the Three Abominations of the Pits, whose contempt for the Covenant is eternal, and whose hunger knoweth no end.

The Priests of the Pits

And Demu spake yet further, his breath like the sigh of the desert winds, saying:

Know ye, O wanderer, that though the names of the Three were cursed by the Covenant, yet did men of madness and despair give themselves over unto their altars. And the priests of the Pits were without number, outcasts and lepers, magicians and liars, each bound in secret oaths to their Abominable Lords. They clothed themselves not in linen nor in wool, but in rags of skin stripped from the corpses of men and beasts. Their temples reeked with stench, their chants were discord, their hands were forever unclean.

At the trough of Niggir-Ḫazzû the priests did bring swine, and also babes newly born, stolen in darkness. These they cut upon the altar, letting their blood mingle with the ichor that oozed from the idol's hands. The carcasses they left to fester, and from the putrid rot they drew auguries, claiming to read the entrails of corruption. They ate of that flesh, raw and dripping, as a mockery of covenantal offerings. And those who partook became swollen with sores, their eyes turned yellow as the ichor, and their voices grunted as the swine they worshiped.

At the cavern of Uridimmu-Šapliš the priests stripped themselves bare and entered the black pools. There they submerged their faces, drinking the bile and the brine until their bellies swelled. They anointed their lips with the ink of the beast's mouth, and with this they wrote

curses upon shards of bone, casting them into the waters. The cries of drowning men were their hymns, and in the foam of sulphur they saw visions of madness. From their mouths issued prayers of choking, and they spat black venom upon the earth, claiming it to be the tears of their god.

At the hollow of Lilissu-Zababtu the priests bound their bodies with cords of spider's silk, dripping venom from the scorpion's tail. They suckled the endless webs as babes at her many breasts, and their mouths filled with poison. Upon the bones of children they wove their snares, whispering into the skulls of the dead to call forth the spirits. They defiled maidens upon webs of fire, weaving their cries into chants. The husks of men were hung as offerings, their blood smeared upon the idol's hideous visage. They spat into the womb of women, declaring them consecrated unto the Spider-Hag, so that no child born of them would draw breath.

And their festivals were madness, a night without end. They burned not incense of cedar or juniper, but flesh of vermin and carrion. They offered not bread, but dung; not wine, but bile. Their songs were screams, their dances were spasms, and their prayers were curses against the Covenant.

And thus the earth grew black where they worshiped. No bird did sing in those hollows, no water ran pure. The ground grew slick with poison, the stones wept slime, and the very wind cried in lamentation.

The Covenant of Twilight was despised in their mouths, for they spat upon the Sword of Separation, crying: We shall undo what the Dreamer hath decreed! And they taught their followers that by serving the

Three Abominations, they would one day break the chains of Twilight and devour both gods and men alike.

Thus were the rites of the priests of the Pits, vile and profane, an abomination before both gods and mortals. And those who served them became not men but husks, hollow of soul, feeding on corruption until their own bodies were turned into vessels of pestilence. Their laughter was like the scream of a dying beast, and their eyes glowed with the red hunger of their mistress and masters.

The Judgement of the Abominations

And Demu, the Wind-Spirit, spake again, and his voice was as the sigh of the earth before a storm, saying:

When the lamentations of the righteous rose unto the Five Covenant Gods, and even unto the gods of the Rib, they beheld the vile works of the priests of the Pits. Their ears were filled with the sound of corruption, their eyes darkened with the smoke of carrion offerings, and their hearts were moved unto wrath. Long did they withhold their anger, hoping that men would repent of their profanations — but the abominations grew, and their priests multiplied, and the Three of the Pits mocked the Covenant of Twilight.

Then at last the decree of judgment was spoken. From the throne of Xa-ze-Zahak, whose Dream stirred restless, a command was issued: Let the polluted ones be broken. Let the Three Abominations be cast down from their hollows. Let the priests of rot and venom be given unto the sword and the flame.

So it was that the Five Covenant Gods gathered their hosts, and with them came even the Five Gods of the Rib, for though they were born of hatred, even they were sickened by the works of the Pits. Together they swore an oath that for this cause they would set aside their strife, lest the world itself rot away under the Abominations.

Thus were loosed the armies of heaven and abyss alike. Zamu-Zuruh Earth Talons tore open the ground, hurling mountains upon the shrines of swine and ichor. Mirah-Eshtemu the Flood called forth the rivers, drowning the pools of Uridimmu-Šapliš in torrents of rushing waters. Zakashi-Agha, Priestess of the Sword, fell upon the Spider-Hag's hollow, cutting down her worshipers in a rain of crimson steel. Delamuh-Malakh, Harvester of Sorcery, unbound the enchantments woven in silk and venom, casting them into the void. Kurih-Purishtu, the Swift Justice, descended like lightning, smiting the priests where they stood.

And from the Rib there came also the dread generals: Arah the Defiler of Flesh, Karush the Seething Dart, Nammush the Harpy, Zarru the Cleaver of Temples, and Irruga the Tabernacle of Torment. With merciless fury they smote the Abominations' servants, for their hatred of the Covenant was matched only by their contempt for rivals who dared to mock their Father's theft.

The ground quaked with the clash of armies. Trumpets and drums shook the firmament, and the cries of men and demons alike filled the air. Blood flowed as rivers, the smoke of burning temples rose as mountains, and the echo of war shook the Four Pillars of Existence so that Xa-ze-Zahak stirred again in restless sleep.

Niggir-Ḫazzû roared from his trough, vomiting rivers of yellow ichor, which burned the flesh of thousands. Yet Masta-Uru, the Bear, rose up and crushed the swine-headed horror beneath his paw, though the ichor scorched his own fur black. Still the beast rose again.

Uridimmu-Šapliš surged from his pools, his tentacles thrashing, drowning whole battalions in black foam. Yet Varduluh'oth the Destroyer set the waters ablaze with fire, turning the brine to steam. Still the beast hissed and struck anew.

Lilissu-Zababtu screamed from her hollow, weaving webs of poison that choked the armies, binding even spirits in her snares. Yet Malakh'ior, She of Sorcery, met her weaving with spells of silver fire, unravelling thread with thread. Still the Spider-Scorpion Hag spat venom and spun her cords anew.

Long raged the war. The mountains themselves split, the sky turned black with smoke, and rivers ran red with blood. And though the gods smote without mercy, and their generals dealt destruction without pity, yet the Three Abominations prevailed still. For every priest slain, two rose in his place; for every shrine broken, another was built from bone and slime.

At last the Covenant Gods saw that utter destruction could not be wrought, for the Three were bound not to life alone but to the very corruption of existence itself. They could be struck, but not killed; bound, but not destroyed. Their hunger was endless, and their contempt eternal.

So the gods withdrew their hosts, their hands bloodied but their resolve unbroken. They sealed the shrines beneath mountains of ash, and cursed the priests unto exile, but the Abominations endured in their pits. And Demu whispered unto the Wanderer:

Know ye, O seeker, that the Judgment was brutal, merciless, and swift, yet still the Pits were not emptied. For corruption cannot be slain,

only restrained. Thus the Three Abominations remain in their darkness, waiting, hungering, despising the Covenant. And their priests, though scattered, rise ever again in secret, whispering oaths in shadows. Beware, lest their names be spoken where no fire burns, for then their temples stir anew.

The Incantations and Exorcisms

Evocation of Xa-ze-Zahak – the Chaos-Born, God of Void

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN XA-ZE-ZAHAK, ILLATU ŠA ŠUNU LA EŠU!
ÉN XA-ZE-ZAHAK, LUGAL ŠA ŠU-UTRU!
ÉN XA-ZE-ZAHAK, DINGIR ŠA ERṢETI U ŠAMÊ!

INA ŠUM-ŠU, NAPŠU ITTADI!
INA ŠUM-ŠU, NAMTARU ĪTARRU!
INA ŠUM-ŠU, BALĀTU U MÛTU ĪḪLIQ!

XA-ZE-ZAHAK, RABÛ ŠA KISALLI!
XA-ZE-ZAHAK, LUGAL ŠA KUKKÛ!
XA-ZE-ZAHAK, ILLATU ŠA ŠUNU MAḪRU!

RIBU ŠA ŠADU ĪḪLIQ!
NAPLIŠTU ŠA TĀMTU UŠEBBI!
ZI ŠA ŠU UTUQU, ZI ŠA ŠU DINGIRU,
INA ŠUM-ŠU IPTUŠU!

ANA QEREB ANNA U KIA IŠTURU!
ANA QEREB MUL-MEŠ ILLAK!
ANA QEREB ERṢETI ITTADÎ!

ZI XA-ZE-ZAHAK!

ZI XA-ZE-ZAHAK!

ZI XA-ZE-ZAHAK!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!

ZI KIA KANPA!

Evocation of Masta-Uru – The Bear

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN MASTA-URU!
LUGAL ŠA ZIQNU, LUGAL ŠA DURNU!
ŠA ŠEPŠU IPPARIS ŠADÛ!
ŠA QATU IŠTEREB NAMTAR!

INA ŠUM-ŠU, ZI ĪNADDU!
INA ŠUM-ŠU, ŠĒPU ĪNABLU!
INA ŠUM-ŠU, NAPŠU ĪPUŠ BALĀTU!

MASTA-URU, ZI ŠA URSÂ!
MASTA-URU, ZI ŠA ŠUḪARRU!
MASTA-URU, ZI ŠA DINGIR BALĀTI!

ŠA ŠAGGA MURDÂTU ĪNAPLU!
ŠA NAMTARU ĪBASSU!
ŠA KIA U ANNA IPETÛ BĒL ZIQU!

ANA QEREB ŠADÛ ILLAK!
ANA QEREB NAPLIŠTI UŠEBBI!
ANA QEREB ERṢETI IPTEQ!

ZI MASTA-URU!
ZI MASTA-URU!
ZI MASTA-URU!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!

ZI KIA KANPA!

Evocation of Varduluh'oth – The Destroyer

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN VARDULUH'OTH!
LUGAL ŠA NURRÂTI!
LUGAL ŠA GIBIL, ŠA GISHRU!
ŠA QATU ĪPARIS ERṢETI!
ŠA ŠAPTU ĪNAPLU NAMTARU!

INA ŠUM-ŠU, QATNU IPPARIS ŠADÛ!
INA ŠUM-ŠU, MÊ IPTUŠU LIPTA!
INA ŠUM-ŠU, BALĀTU ĪNAPLU MÛTU!

VARDULUH'OTH, NURU ŠA DINGIRU!
VARDULUH'OTH, GIBIL ŠA NAMTARU!
VARDULUH'OTH, ŠU ŠA HUL U MURDÂTU!

ŠA ABUBU ĪŠTURU!
ŠA QATU ŠER'ATU ĪNADDU!
ŠA NAPLIŠTU KUKKÛ IPTUŠU!

ANA QEREB ŠAMÊ IPETÛ!
ANA QEREB ERṢETI UŠEBBI!
ANA QEREB MUL-MEŠ ILLAK!

ZI VARDULUH'OTH!
ZI VARDULUH'OTH!
ZI VARDULUH'OTH!

ŠU-NIGIN!
ŠU-NIGIN!
ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

Evocation of Mirunah-Zuruh – The Great Trial

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN MIRUNAH-ZURUH!
LUGAL ŠA NISḪU!
LUGAL ŠA ŠURQITU!
ŠA QATU ĪTANAḪ NAPŠU!
ŠA ŠEPŠU ĪDABBU ERṢETI!

INA ŠUM-ŠU, ZI IPPARIS ŠAŠÛ!
INA ŠUM-ŠU, NAPŠU IPTUŠ NAMTAR!
INA ŠUM-ŠU, BALĀTU ĪNABLU MURDÂTU!

MIRUNAH-ZURUH, LUGAL ŠA DULIMMU!
MIRUNAH-ZURUH, LUGAL ŠA ŠUBTU NAMTAR!
MIRUNAH-ZURUH, LUGAL ŠA ERṢETI ŠAGGA!

ŠA QATU ĪNAPLU IŠTU BALĀTU!
ŠA ŠEPŠU ĪPARIS ZI U NAMTARU!
ŠA ŠUM-ŠU KURNU IPTUŠU!

ANA QEREB NISHI ILLAK!
ANA QEREB ŠAMÊ U ERṢETI ITTADÎ!
ANA QEREB MUL-MEŠ IPETÛ!

ZI MIRUNAH-ZURUH!

ZI MIRUNAH-ZURUH!

ZI MIRUNAH-ZURUH!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!

ZI KIA KANPA!

Evocation of Kerush-Za-Bahl – The Mountain

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN KERUSH-ZA-BAHL!
LUGAL ŠA ŠADÛ RABÛ!
LUGAL ŠA DURNU!
ŠA ŠEPŠU LA IPARRAS!
ŠA QATU LA IPPARIS!

INA ŠUM-ŠU, ERṢETU IPTEQ!
INA ŠUM-ŠU, NAPLIŠTU ITTANAḪ!
INA ŠUM-ŠU, BALĀTU U MÛTU ĪDUR!

KERUSH-ZA-BAHL, ŠADÛ BALĀTI!
KERUSH-ZA-BAHL, KURNU LA INABLU!
KERUSH-ZA-BAHL, NAMTARU LA ĪPARIS!

ŠA QATU NAMTAR IPTUŠU!
ŠA ŠEPŠU UTUQU ĪNADDU!
ŠA ŠUM-ŠU ŠADÛ U KIA IŠTURU!

ANA QEREB ŠADÛ ILLAK!
ANA QEREB ANNA U ERṢETI IPETÛ!
ANA QEREB MUL-MEŠ ITTADÎ!

ZI KERUSH-ZA-BAHL!

ZI KERUSH-ZA-BAHL!

ZI KERUSH-ZA-BAHL!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!

ZI KIA KANPA!

Evocation of Malakh'ior – She of Sorcery

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN MALAKH'IOR!
MUNUS ŠA KASPU, MUNUS ŠA ŠIPTU!
MUNUS ŠA NISḪU, MUNUS ŠA NAMTARU!
ŠA ŠE'UM ĪTANAK MAḪRU!
ŠA QATU IPTEQ BALĀTU!

INA ŠUM-ŠU, ŠIPTU IPTUŠU!
INA ŠUM-ŠU, NAMTARU ĪNAPLU!
INA ŠUM-ŠU, ZI ĪŠTU ZI ĪNABLU!

MALAKH'IOR, MUNUS ŠA KUKKÛ!
MALAKH'IOR, MUNUS ŠA LALU!
MALAKH'IOR, MUNUS ŠA LIPTU!

ŠA ŠAPTU ĪNAPLU UTUQU!
ŠA QATU IŠTEREB NAMTAR!
ŠA ŠE'UM IŠTURU KURNU!

ANA QEREB KIA U ANNA IPETÛ!
ANA QEREB MUL-MEŠ ITTADÎ!
ANA QEREB ERṢETI UŠEBBI!

ZI MALAKH'IOR!

ZI MALAKH'IOR!

ZI MALAKH'IOR!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!

ZI KIA KANPA!

Evocation of Barrah-Du-Zakar, the First Cause

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN BAR-RAH DU-ZAKAR, ŠULMU LA ĪLI!
ÉN ŠEŠU XA-ZE-ZAHAK UŠEZIBU!
RIBU ŠA KUSSU ILĀNI, QABLÎ UŠAṢBAT!
INA LUGALU ŠADÛ, INA NAPLUŠU NISĪ!

BAR-RAH DU-ZAKAR, ŠULMU ŠA LA ŠULMU!
BAR-RAH DU-ZAKAR, ŠE'UM ŠA LĀ EPIŠU!
BAR-RAH DU-ZAKAR, RIBU ŠA HUL, RIBU ŠA MURDÂTI!

INA GIŠTUKULU ZI-QUR,
INA ZI ŠA DINGIR MEŠ!
INA NAMTARU ŠA MÊ U KIA!

ZI KANPA, ŠA MUḪḪI ŠAMÊ!
ZI KANPA, ŠA MUḪḪI ERṢETI!

ŠA LIPTI-ŠU, ZIKAR LUGALU ŠURQITU!
ŠA ŠER'ATU-ŠU, QATNU ŠE'UM LĀ PÎ!
ŠA QAT-ŠU, ŠE'ATU BALĀTI U MÛTI!

BAR-RAH DU-ZAKAR, LUGAL ŠA ŠUTURRU!
BAR-RAH DU-ZAKAR, ANA MULLI MUL MEŠ!
BAR-RAH DU-ZAKAR, INA TILLATI ZI'AMMÛ!

ŠU-NIGIN!
ŠU-NIGIN!
ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

Evocation of Azarah-Xasu, the Poisoned Hour

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN LUGAL ŠEPU-ŠU UL ĪLI!
ÉN DINGIR AZARAH-XASU!
MU-ILÂ KUSSU ŠUŠU, ŠATU BALĀTU!
ŠATTU MÊ, ŠATTU MÛTI,
INA ŠE'ATU ŠAPLÎTA, INA ŠE'ATU NISATI!

AZARAH-XASU, ŠE'ATU ŠURQITU!
AZARAH-XASU, ŠE'ATU MURDÂTU!
AZARAH-XASU, ŠE'ATU LIPTU!

INA ŠATTU-ŠU, NAPŠU ĪNABLU!
INA ŠATTU-ŠU, ZI ĪŠTU ZI NAMTAR!
INA ŠATTU-ŠU, LAMASSU ĪZIQ!

ŠA MUḪḪI ANNA U KIA, ŠA MUḪḪI DINGIR U UTUQU,
ANA ŠUBTU ANNÛTI AZARAH-XASU!

ŠU-NIGIN!
ŠU-NIGIN!
ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!

ZI KIA KANPA!

Evocation of Za Garakhu, the Corruptor

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN ZA-GARAKHU, LUGAL ŠA MURDÂTU!
ÉN ZA-GARAKHU, MUNUSU ŠA ŠAGGA!
ÉN ZA-GARAKHU, ŠE'UM ŠA LIPŠU,
ŠE'UM ŠA EMEŠ-MA TIH!

INA ŠUM-ŠU, MAYĀMU NAPŠU ITTADI!
INA ŠUM-ŠU, NAPŠU BALĀTU IPPIS!
INA ŠUM-ŠU, ŠAŠÛ, MURDÂTU, NAPLIŠTU!

ZA GARAKHU, ŠA PÎ ŠUNU ETEMMU!
ZA GARAKHU, ŠA QAT ŠUNU NAMTAR!
ZA GARAKHU, ŠA ŠAPTU MUDU, ŠA ŠAGGA MAḪRU!

ANA QEREB MUL MEŠ ILLAK!
ANA QEREB DINGIR-MEŠ IŠTURU!
ANA QEREB ERṢETI IPETÛ!

ZI ZA GARAKHU!
ZI ZA GARAKHU!
ZI ZA GARAKHU!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!

ZI KIA KANPA!

Evocation of Entulah ze Uruhasa – The Hand of Darkness

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN ENTULAH URUHASA!
ÉN ŠU ŠA LAMATU, ŠU ŠA MURDÂTI!
ŠU ŠA TILLATI, ŠU ŠA NAMTARU!

INA ŠU-ŠA, NAPŠU IPPUT!
INA ŠU-ŠA, NURU IPTANAḪ!
INA ŠU-ŠA, BALĀTU ĪḪLIQ!

ENTULAH, ŠU ŠA KUKKÛ!
ENTULAH, ŠU ŠA LALU!
ENTULAH, ŠU ŠA ZIḪĪTU!

ANA KIBSU DINGIR-MEŠ IPTEQ!
ANA NUR-MEŠ IŠTURU!
ANA ZI-MEŠ ŠA ANNA U KIA ITTADÎ!

ZI ENTULAH!
ZI ENTULAH!
ZI ENTULAH!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!

ZI KIA KANPA!

Evocation of Ki-Zabuhl Ze Enuhi – Star of Turbulent Waters

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN KI-ZABUHL ENUHI!
MUL ŠA MÊ RABÛTU!
MUL ŠA ABUBU!
MUL ŠA ŠAPLIŠTA U ŠAMÊ UŠEBBI!

INA ŠUM-ŠU, NĀRU IPTANAḪ!
INA ŠUM-ŠU, TĀMTU UŠEBBI!
INA ŠUM-ŠU, BALĀTU U MÛTU ĪDABBU!

KI-ZABUHL, MUL ŠA ADADU!
KI-ZABUHL, MUL ŠA ENLILU MURDÂTI!
KI-ZABUHL, MUL ŠA ABUBU LAMĀSSU!

ŠE'UM MÊ EZZU, ŠE'UM MÊ MURDÂTU!
ŠE'UM NAPŠU NIDABBÛ, ŠE'UM NAPŠU ĪHLIQ!

ANA QEREB ABZÛ ILLAK!
ANA QEREB TAMTU ITTADÎ!
ANA QEREB ŠAMÊ U ERṢETI IPETÛ!

ZI KI-ZABUHL!

ZI KI-ZABUHL!

ZI KI-ZABUHL!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!

ZI KIA KANPA!

Evocation of Kindu ze Rabanah – Wind of Plague

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN KINDU RABANAH!
ŠU-UL-TU ŠA ŠUTU!
ZI-KU ŠA MURDÂTU!
NAPŠU ŠA ŠÛTU-MEŠ!

INA NISHU-ŠU, BALĀTU IPTANAḪ!
INA NISHU-ŠU, ŠE'UM ĪHLIQ!
INA NISHU-ŠU, NAPŠU IPTUŠ!

KINDU RABANAH, ZI ŠA NAMTARU!
KINDU RABANAH, ZI ŠA UTUQU!
KINDU RABANAH, ZI ŠA GIGIMU!

ŠA ŠAŠÛ ĪDUK!
ŠA UŠU ĪNAPLU!
ŠA ŠIPTU IPTUŠU!

ANA QEREB ERṢETI IPETÛ!
ANA QEREB NISHI UŠEBBI!
ANA QEREB MUL-MEŠ ITTADÎ!

ZI KINDU RABANAH!

ZI KINDU RABANAH!

ZI KINDU RABANAH!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!

ZI KIA KANPA!

Siptu sa Namtar Lemnuti – The Binding Exorcism of the Black Lake

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA NAMTAR LEMNŪTI!
ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA UTUQ XUL, ŠA GIGIMU, ŠA LALARTU!
ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA SURUH-GAVANIH, ŠA GAVANIH-KAH, ŠA BARASKI-GAVANIH!

BARRA EPIŠTU ŠA ŠĒDU!
BARRA NAMTARU ŠA BĒT NISHI!
BARRA LALASSU ŠA QEREB ERṢETI!

INA ŠUM-ŠU XA-ZE-ZAHAK, RABÛ ŠA KUKKÛ,
INA ŠUM-ŠU LUGALNAMTARHABATU, ŠA IPPARIS ERIMU,
ANA QEREB ERṢETI ITTADÎ!

INA QEREB APSÛ, INA NAPLIŠTI BALĀTI,
INA MÊ ŠA VALAH-SERVANUH,
ŠU-NU NAPLUŠTU, ŠU-NU IPTEQ!

SURUH-GAVANIH!
GAVANIH-KAH!
BARASKI-GAVANIH!
ZI KANPA, UTPARISU!

ZI KANPA, NAPLIŠTU LIPTUŠU!
ZI KANPA, ŠU-NIGININA APSÛ!

BARRA NAMTARU!
BARRA GIGIMU!
BARRA ŠĒDU LEMNŪTU!

ŠA QATU TIKU, ŠA QATU DELAMUH-MALAKH,
ŠA ŠE'UM KĪSALLU ŠA NURRÂTI,
ANA KUDURRU NAMTAR ĪŠTURU!

ŠU-NIGIN!
ŠU-NIGIN!
ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

Šiptu Lemnuti Rabutu – The Great Exorcism of Every Evil

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA NAMTAR LEMNŪTI!
ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA UTUQ XUL, ŠA GIGIMU, ŠA ŠĒDU!

BARRA!
MÛ ŠA MURDÂTU!
BARRA!

BARRA, AWĀTU LEMNĪTU – the evil word!
BARRA, IGI LEMNĪTU – the evil eye!
BARRA, QĪŠU LEMNĪTU – the evil sound!
BARRA, ṬĒMU LEMNĪTU – the evil thought!
BARRA, QĀTU LEMNĪTU – the evil hand!
BARRA, ŠUPŠUQU LEMNĪTU – the evil gesture!
BARRA, DINGIR LEMNÛ – the evil god!
BARRA, UTUQ LEMNÛ – the evil spirit!
BARRA, É LEMNÛ – the evil temple!
BARRA, BĀB LEMNÛ – the evil door!
BARRA, ŠĀRU LEMNÛ – the evil wind!
BARRA, ZUN LEMNÛ – the evil rain!
BARRA, MÊ LEMNÛ – the evil waters!

BARRA, HARRĀNU LEMNÛ – the evil path!
BARRA, MUNUS LEMNÛ – the evil woman!
BARRA, AWĪLU LEMNÛ – the evil man!
BARRA, KĀŠIPU LEMNÛ – the evil sorcerer!
BARRA, NISUḪUL LEMNÛ – the evil beast!
BARRA, SĪNU LEMNÛ – the evil moon!
BARRA, MUL-MEŠ LEMNÛ – the evil stars!
BARRA, KUKKÛ LEMNÛ – the evil darkness!
BARRA, NĀSIQ LĀMU – the unwelcome guest!
BARRA, AWĀTU LĀMU – the unwelcome message!

INA ŠUM-ŠU XA-ZE-ZAHAK, RABÛ ŠA KUKKÛ,
INA ŠUM-ŠU LUGALUTUQXUL, ŠA IPTEQ ŠĒDU,
INA ŠUM-ŠU KUDURRU ŠA MAKUSHU,

ŠUNU KUNNU!
ŠUNU IPTEQ!
ŠUNU NAPLIŠTU!

BARRA!
ANA APSÛ ŠA VALAH-SERVANUH!
ANA TĀMTU LAMASTU!
ANA ERṢETI ŠA NAMTARU!

ŠU-NIGIN!
ŠU-NIGIN!
ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!

ZI KIA KANPA!

Šiptu ana Sedu Lemnutu – Exorcism Against the Evil Spirit in Man

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA NAPŠU!
ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA AWĪLU, ŠA ŠĒDU ĪNAṢBAT!

UTUQ LEMNÛ! BARRA!
GIGIMU LEMNÛ! BARRA!
LALARTU LEMNÛ! BARRA!
NAMTARU ŠA ŠIPTU! BARRA!
KĀŠIPU LEMNÛ! BARRA!
ETEMMU ŠA ERṢETI! BARRA!

Binding Formula

INA ŠUM-ŠU XA-ZE-ZAHAK, LUGAL ŠA KUKKÛ,
INA ŠUM-ŠU KERUSH-ZA-BAHL, ŠADÛ BALĀTI,
INA ŠUM-ŠU MASTA-URU, URSÂ RABÛ,

ŠUNU KUNNU!
ŠUNU IPTEQ!
ŠUNU NAMTARU UŠEBBI!

Protective Invocation

MASTA-URU, LUGAL ŠA ZIQNU, ŠA DURNU,
INA QAT-ŠU NAMTAR ĪNADDU!
INA ŠEP-ŠU ŠĒDU ĪPARIS!

MALAKH'IOR, MUNUS ŠA ŠIPTU,
BIND THE EVIL WORDS, TWIST THE SORCERY OF THE KĀŠIPU!

VARDULUH'OTH, LUGAL ŠA NURRÂTI,
BURN THE EVIL WIND, CUT OFF THE EVIL DOOR!

MIRUNAH-ZURUH, LUGAL ŠA NISḪU,
LET THIS AFFLICTION BECOME A TRIAL THAT IS OVERCOME, NOT DESTRUCTION!

Expulsion

ANA APSÛ ŠA VALAH-SERVANUH,
ANA TĀMTU LAMASTU,
ANA ERṢETI ŠA NAMTARU –
ŠUNU IPTEQ, ŠUNU UŠEBBI!

BARRA!
BARRA!
BARRA!

ŠU-NIGIN!
ŠU-NIGIN!
ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

Siptu ana Sedu Kassapi – Evocation of the Hunters of the Covenant

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN TIKU ŠA EMEQ, ŠU-NIGIN ZIQNU!
ÉN DELAMUH-MALAKH, MUNUS ŠA ŠIPTU LEMNŪTU!
ÉN KARUSH RABÛ, LUGAL ŠA ṢABĀTU!
ÉN MALKU, URSÂ ŠA NAMTAR!

The Summons

TIKU, ŠA QĀTU ĪṢBATU!
TIKU, ŠA ŠERRU LIPTUŠU!
TIKU, ŠA KISALLU NAMTARU ĪZIQ!

DELAMUH-MALAKH, ŠA ŠIPTU IPTUŠU!
DELAMUH-MALAKH, ŠA QATNU ĪNADDU KĀŠIPU!
DELAMUH-MALAKH, ŠA NAMTARU ĪḪLIQ!

KARUSH, LUGAL ŠA ṢABĀTU,
ṢABĀT NAMTARU, ṢABĀT ŠĒDU, ṢABĀT ETEMMU!
KARUSH, ŠA QATNU IPTEQ ERIMU!

MALKU, KALBU NAMTARU,
ŠA QARNI ĪDABBU!
ŠA ŠENNĀ ĪNAPLU AWĪLU LEMNÛ!
MALKU, ŠA QATNU U ŠĒPU ĪPARIS NAMTAR!

The Hunting Cry

AWĀTU LEMNÛ! BARRA!
ŠIPTU LEMNÛ! BARRA!
KĀŠIPU LEMNÛ! BARRA!
UTUQ XUL! BARRA!
ETEMMU ŠA ERṢETI! BARRA!

The Binding

INA ŠUM-ŠU XA-ZE-ZAHAK, RABÛ ŠA KUKKÛ,
INA ŠUM-ŠU COVENANT OF TWILIGHT,
INA ŠUM-ŠU LUGALKUDURRU, ŠA NISĪ NAMTARU,

TIKU IṢBATU!
DELAMUH IPTUŠU!
KARUSH U MALKU ṢABĀTU!

ŠUNU KUNNU!
ŠUNU NAMTARU UŠEBBI!
ŠUNU IPTEQ ANA APSÛ ŠA VALAH-SERVANUH!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!

ZI KIA KANPA!

Siptu Sa Sade Sunu – The Incantation of the Scorched Mountains

ŠADU YU LIKTUMKUNUSHI!
ŠADU YU LIKLAKUNUSHI!
ŠADU YU LINIQĪŠ KUNUSHI!
ŠADU YU LIŠAPLI KUNUSHI!

ŠADU YU LITELLI KUNUSHI!
ŠADU YU LIPUSHTU KUNUSHI!

ŠADU YU LIŠARRU KUNUSHI!
ŠADU YU LINIRKABU KUNUSHI!
ŠADU YU LIKATTIN KUNUSHI!
ŠADU YU DANNÛ ELIKUNU LIMQUT!
INA ZUMRI-KA LU YU TAPPARRASAMA!
SHADU ŠA NIGGIR-ḪAZZÛ –

May the swine-horned terror of the Mountain belch ichor upon you!

SHADU ŠA URIDIMMU-ŠAPLIŠ –

May the wolf of the Depths drown you in black waters!

SHADU ŠA LILISSU-ZABABTU –

May the Spider-Scorpion weave venomous cords about you!

SHADU ŠA GUBBI –

May the mountains of ash burn your flesh!

SHADU ŠA KUKKÛ –

May the mountains of darkness blind your eyes!

SHADU ŠA NISIQ –

May the mountains of fire reduce your bones to dust!

ŠADU DANNÛ, ŠADU KUKKÛ, ŠADU NAMTARU!

LIMQUT INA ZUMRI-KA!

LUŠEŠIR NAMTARU!

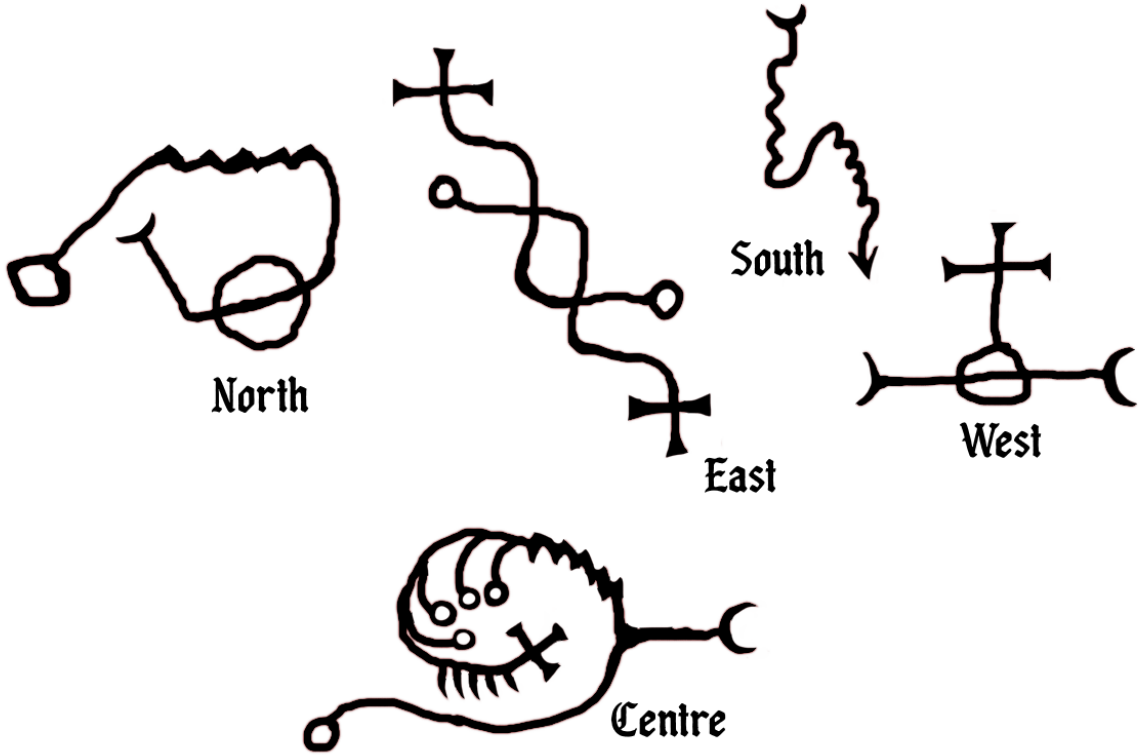
ZI ANNA KANPA!

ZI KIA KANPA!

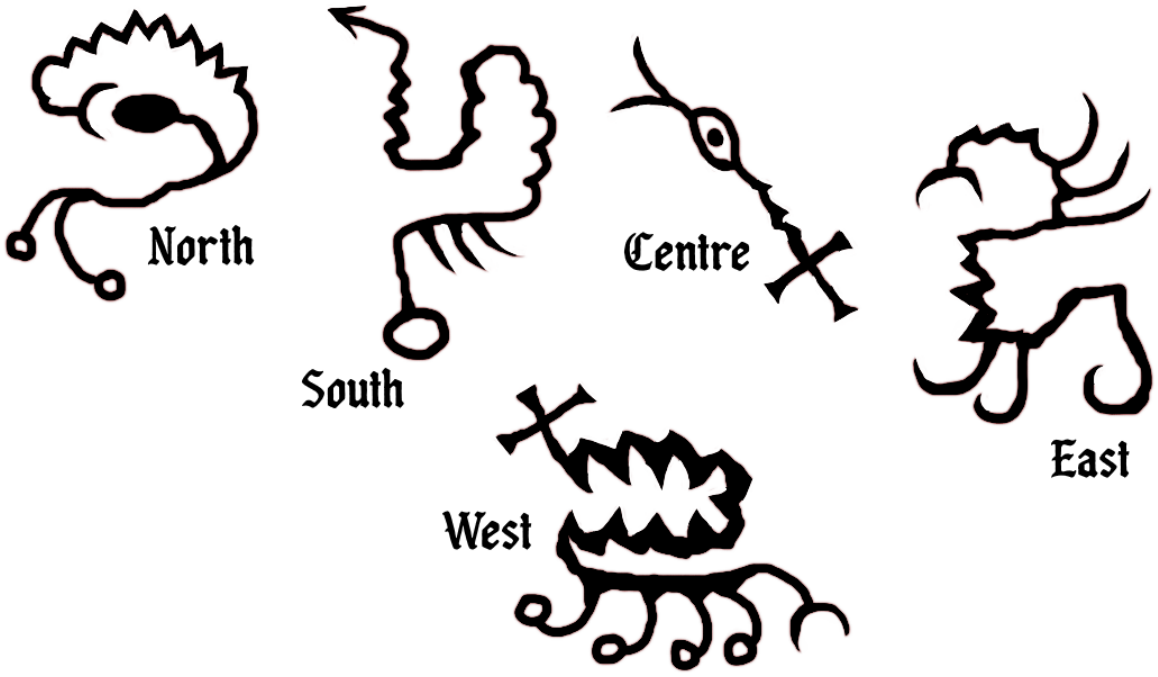
The Fractured Tablet of Malakh'ior: The Clay Vessels of the Gods

And Demu spake again, and the desert winds bent low as he uttered the memory of old:

In the early times of man, before the cities rose and before the temples were set in stone, the gods were called forth not with iron nor bronze, but with vessels of clay, for clay is the flesh of the earth and remembereth the hand of the potter. And the glyphs of power were cut upon their lips, symbols that no mortal tongue may wholly utter, yet which the gods did answer in flame.



The Five Gods of the Covenant bore vessels of red stain, consecrated with the blood of beasts and the ochre of the earth. These were called Namtû Ša Esirtu – The Vessels of Oath – for within them the covenant fire was kindled, and through them the pact of Twilight was upheld. They were fashioned when the Temple Star (the Pole-Star of their reckoning) stood in the North at the hour of mid-day, and their rims were painted in circles of scarlet to mirror the Sword of Twilight.



The Gods of the Rib bore vessels blackened as pitch, consecrated with soot and the ashes of night. These were named Namtû Ša Arḫu – The Vessels of the Abyss – for within them the fire was a wound that opened unto hatred. They were shaped when the Goat-Star burned in the North at the hour of midnight, and their clay was mixed with bitter resins to give forth the scent of grave and void.

All other gods, lesser and wandering, bore vessels of grey stain, neither scarlet nor black, but the color of dust and shadow. These were called Namtû Ša Sallu — The Vessels of the Horizon — for they were made when the sun was first kindled upon the rim of the world, in the hour when the east is neither night nor day. Within them the fire was wavering, half-shadow and half-light, and their worship was a mingling of fear and reverence.

And when the gods were called, the rite was thus:

First the Black Flame of Twilight was kindled, a fire not of brightness but of shadow, a flame that gave no comfort but only the promise of covenant. Into that fire were cast the sacred herbs, each to its vessel and each to its god.

For the Covenant Gods, hyssop and dittany of Crete, for these herbs cleanse and sanctify, and their smoke ascendeth pure.

For the Gods of the Rib, dragon's blood and myrrh, for these are the gums of wound and burial, and their smoke bindeth and chokes.

For the Other Gods, frankincense and sandalwood, for these are the incense of kings and travelers, neither wholly of light nor of shadow.

When the herbs were consumed in the Black Flame, then was called first the God of Twilight Fire — nameless save by smoke and whisper — for without his flame no god could answer. He alone openeth the gate between vessel and deity. And when his fire answered, the gods themselves came, riding upon smoke and shadow, devouring the offerings, drinking the flame, and speaking unto the priests in words both terrible and sweet.

Thus were the gods called in the early days, by clay and flame, by smoke and oath. And thus were the vessels guarded, for if one was broken, the god it belonged to would be angered beyond appeasement, and its wrath would descend upon the whole house of its keeper.

Siptu ana DINGIR NUR-GISHBAR – Evocation of the God of Twilight Fire

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ÉN DINGIR NUR-GISHBAR!
ŠA NUR KUKKÛ U NUR BALĀTU!
ŠA IPTEQ ŠA GUBBI, ŠA ŠURKULI U ŠAPLĪŠ!

ANA NAMTÛ IPTEQ!
(Through the sacred vessels the opening is made!)

ANA QĀT DINGIRMEŠ ITTADÎ!
(Through you the hands of the gods are extended!)

ANA BALĀTU U MĀTU IPPUS!
(Through you life and death are mingled!)

NUR-GISHBAR, ŠA TULI KUKKÛ!
NUR-GISHBAR, ŠA EZEN NAMTARU!
NUR-GISHBAR, ŠA IPTEQ BĀBI DINGIRMEŠ!

INA QĀT-ŠU, NAMTARU ĪNADDU!
INA ŠE'UM-ŠU, ŠIPTU IPTUŠU!
INA NUR-ŠU, DINGIRMEŠ IPPARISU!

NUR-GISHBAR, BALĀTU U MŪTU!
NUR-GISHBAR, LALU U NISIQ!
NUR-GISHBAR, KUKKÛ U MELAMMU!

INA NUR-ŠU, MASTA-URU IPPARIS!
INA NUR-ŠU, VARDULUH'OTH IZZAQ!
INA NUR-ŠU, MIRUNAH-ZURUH IPTEQ!
INA NUR-ŠU, KERUSH-ZA-BAHL IPPUS!
INA NUR-ŠU, MALAKH'IOR IPTUŠU!

ZI NUR-GISHBAR!
ZI NUR-GISHBAR!
ZI NUR-GISHBAR!

ŠU-NIGIN!
ŠU-NIGIN!
ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

The Teachings of Malakh'ior: The Severing of Bonds

And Demu spake again, saying:

Thus is the teaching of Malakh'ior, She of Sorcery, who is both the Weaver and the Unweaver of the cords of mortal life. She revealed unto her priests the art of sundering the bonds of man and woman when such joining is found unjust before the eyes of fate. For she alone holdeth the cords of union and the knives of separation, and she appointeth when love is woven and when it is cut asunder.

Know, O wanderer, that if two have been paired and by just decree they must be parted, then is this rite to be wrought in the hour when the Curse Star ascendeth, between the third and the fourth watch of the night, when the fire of men is weakest and the shadows grow strong.

Two figures of wax shalt thou fashion, one for each soul. Bind them with a cord of red, facing one another, for thus is shown the knot of flesh and spirit. Take then waters of hyssop, consecrated in silence, and sprinkle them upon the waxen faces. Speak their names each upon the lips of clay, that the likeness may be sealed.

Rise then, O sorcerer, and bear them aloft. Turn to the North, and speak their names. Turn to the South, and speak their names. Turn to the East, and speak their names. Turn to the West, and speak their names.

Thus shalt thou call the Four Quarters to bear witness to the bond that is to be broken.

Take then the blackened blade, consecrated in night and smoke, and sever the red cord. As the cord is cut, cry aloud the name of Ki-Zabuhl Ze Enuhi, Star of Turbulent Waters, for he is the unraveler of unions and the breaker of oaths. His name is poison to love, his breath is division, and speak this spell;

ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA PARSU!
KI-ZABUHL ZE ENUHI!
ŠA NISIQ IPTEQ!
ŠA DURU IPPARIS!
ŠA QISHTU IPTEQ!
ŠA NAPŠATI LIPTURU!
KI-ZABUHL ZE ENUHI!
KI-ZABUHL ZE ENUHI!
KI-ZABUHL ZE ENUHI!

Place then the first figure into a vessel of blackened water, and over it speak the incantation of Šiptu ša Namtar Lemnūti, for therein the spirit of that one shall be drowned in fate, cast into the waters of separation, then speak this spell:

ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA NAMTAR LEMNŪTI!
INA MÊ ŠA KUKKÛ,
INA APSÛ ŠA VALAH-SERVANUH,
ŠA NAPŠU LIPTURU!
ŠA QIBITU LIPTURU!
ŠA RĀMĀNU LIPTURU!
NAMTARU IPTEQ!
NAMTARU IPTEQ!
NAMTARU IPTEQ!

Place then the second figure into a vessel of sulphur powder, and over it speak the incantation of Šiptu ša Šadê Šunu, for therein shall their love be buried as in ash and fire, swallowed by the mountains of wrath, then speak this spell:

ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA ŠADÊ ŠUNU!
ŠADU YU LIKTUMKUNUSHI!
ŠADU YU LIŠAPLI KUNUSHI!
ŠADU YU LIPUSHTU KUNUSHI!
INA ŠUPLU ŠA NUR,
INA ŠUPLU ŠA ERṢETI,

ŠA RĀMĀNU LIPTURU!
ŠADU DANNÛ LIMQUT!
ŠADU DANNÛ LIMQUT!
ŠADU DANNÛ LIMQUT!

Set the vessel of sulphur in the West, the place of setting suns and of endings. Set the vessel of water in the South, the place of dissolution and fading. And when this is done, the bond is broken, the cord unknotted, and they shall surely turn from one another, never to join again.

Thus is the way of sundering taught by Malakh'ior, She of Sorcery, who is the Mistress of Bonds and their Severing, who grants both union and division according to her hidden decrees.

The Shrine of the Dead

And Demu spake again, whispering like dust across the forgotten plain:

Thus Malakh'ior, She of Sorcery, taught unto her servants the fashioning of a shrine for the dead, that their shades may gather and linger at the will of the sorcerer. This shrine shall not be raised in the East, nor in the North, but in the West, for the West is the place of setting, the place of descent, the place of gates where life falleth into shadow. When the Grave Star is in its greatest power-between 22H30 and 00H30 you will do the following:

Call upon Varduluh'oth firstly, using Namtû Ša Esirtu – his Vessel of clay using his Evocation. Remember-the great Gods are called upon first, then the lessor ones. Varduluh'oth will surely bless your sorcery and grant you safe passage.

Then, gather thou wood rotten and forgotten – wood from drowned places in waters, from hidden caverns, from the graveyard's edge where no living hand hath labored. Let the beams be foul and crumbling, for such pleases the etemmu. Bind them together with cord of black into the shape of a pyre, but kindle it not, for this pyre is not for flame, but for beacon and monument, calling forth the wandering dead.

Within the frame place the seal of ENETEMMUŠUNU, Lord of Their Ghosts, for by his hand are the etemmu gathered, and by his

authority they are driven. Call upon his power, set his sign at the heart of the shrine, and the dead shall know the place.

Take then soil from the oldest grave thou canst find, where bones have crumbled unto dust, and sprinkle it round about the shrine, marking its circle. Thus the etemmu shall be bound to linger and not scatter.

Then speak this incantation of binding, and the shrine shall be sealed.

ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ENETEMMUŠUNU!
ENETEMMUŠUNU!
ENETEMMUŠUNU!

ŠA ETEMMU LIPTURU ANĀKI!
ŠA QIBITU LIPTURU ANĀKI!
ŠA NAPŠATI LIPTURU ANĀKI!
INA PŪTI NAMTÛ,
INA QATU SEELI,
ŠUNU ITTADÎ!
ENETEMMUŠUNU IPTEQ BĀB ETEMMI!
ZI ANNA KANPA!
ZI KIA KANPA!

ŠU-NIGIN!
ŠU-NIGIN!
ŠU-NIGIN!

And Demu said:

When these things are done, and the incantation is spoken, then shall the etemmu gather like smoke at dusk. They shall circle the shrine, whispering in the tongues of the grave, waiting for command. But take heed, O wanderer — offer unto them bread crumbled and water poured, else they will gnaw at thy sleep and drink of thy blood. Such is the shrine of the dead, and thus is the teaching of Malakh'ior, Mistress of Sorcery.

On the Twelve Spectral Stars and their Hours

The Twelve Spectral Stars (Ordered by Time)

1. Goat Star – 18:30 - 20:30
   For calling upon the gods of the Rib.
2. Mountain Star – 16:30 - 18:30
   To fortify and to protect.

(These two stand at the twilight hours, Mountain giving way to Goat.)

3. Sickle Star – 21:30 - 22:30
   To remove all forms of dark sorcery.
4. Grave Star – 22:30 - 00:00
   For calling upon the dead.
5. Hag Star – 00:00 - 02:30
   For bindings, obstacles, and hindrances.
6. Curse Star – 02:30 - 03:30
   For cursing and dark sorcery.
7. Toad Star – 04:30 - 05:30
   To cause illness and pestilence, and to heal.
8. Serpent Star – 05:30 - Sunrise
   For passion, seduction, oaths, and pacts.

9. Water Cup Star – 07:30 - 09:30

   For blessings and empowering.

10. Temple Star – 12:00 - 13:00

    For calling upon the gods of the Covenant.

11. Ox Star – 13:00 - 14:30

    To overcome natural forces, gaining wealth and honors.

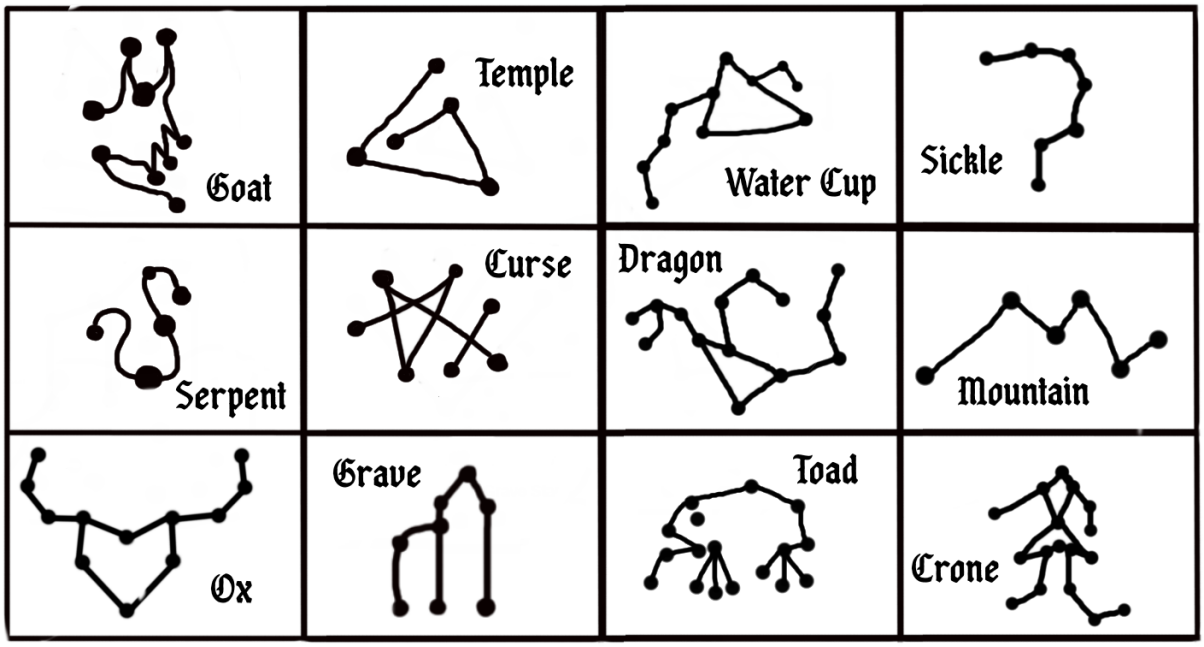
12. Dragon Star – 14:30 - 16:30

    For empowering the self through spiritual transmutation.

Sequential Cycle:

- Evening to Nightfall: Mountain → Goat → Sickle → Grave.
- Midnight to Pre-Dawn: Hag → Curse → Toad → Serpent.
- Morning to Midday: Water Cup → Temple.
- Afternoon to Dusk: Ox → Dragon → Mountain.

Here follows their Star maps:



The Teaching of Malakh'ior: The Circle of Sorcery

And Demu spake again, saying:

Here are the words of Malakh'ior, Mistress of Sorcery, she who binds the unseen and unravels the forbidden. When thou workest with all spirits and all gods, whether of the Covenant or of the Rib, thou must first draw the circle, for the circle is the wall of the unseen, the measure of the pact, and the boundary between worlds.

Take flour of the earth, white as bone, and cast it upon the ground, drawing the circle of power. Upon the line of the circle place four stones, each marked with a black glyph of binding. Place them thus, beginning in the North, and with each stone speak the words of summoning.

North Stone – Incantation

ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA ŠADU!

(Spell of the Mountain!)

ANNA ANNI, KIA ANNI!

(Heaven here, Earth here!)

ZI ŠADU DANNÛ, IPTEQ BĀB KUKKÛ!

(Mighty Mountain, open the gate of darkness!)

South Stone – Incantation

ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA NĀRU!

(Spell of the River!)

ANNA ANNI, KIA ANNI!

(Heaven here, Earth here!)

ZI MÊ BALĀTI, UŠEBBI NAMTARU!

(Waters of Life, drive away death-spirits!)

East Stone – Incantation

ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA ŠAMMU!

(Spell of the Herb!)

ANNA ANNI, KIA ANNI!

(Heaven here, Earth here!)

ZI QUTRU, IPPARISU ŠĒDU LEMNŪTI!

(Incense smoke, scatter the evil demons!)

West Stone – Incantation

ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA ERṢETI!

(Spell of the Earth!)

ANNA ANNI, KIA ANNI!

(Heaven here, Earth here!)

ZI ETEMMU, ITTADÎ NAMTÛ!

(Ghosts arise, be established in the vessel!)

Sealing the Circle

Then shalt thou look upward unto the heavens, facing North, and speak the words that seal the circle with fire unseen.

ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA NAMTÛ!

(Spell of the Vessel!)

ZI ANNA KANPA! ZI KIA KANPA!

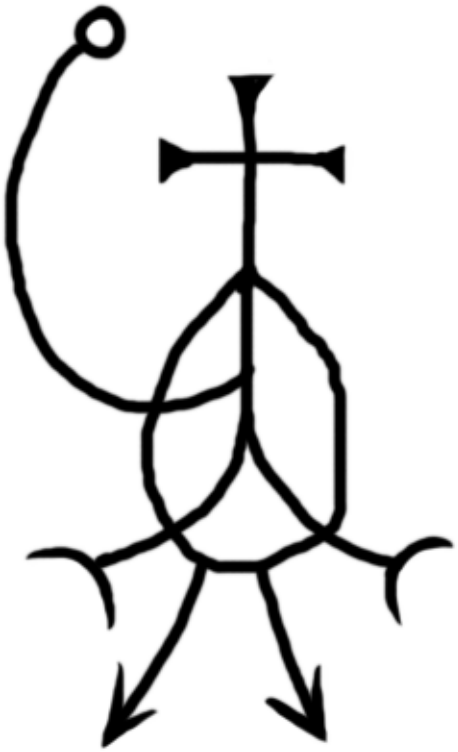
(Spirit of Heaven, be evoked! Spirit of Earth, be evoked!)

NUR-GISHBAR, ŠA NUR KUKKÛ, SEAL THE FOUR QUARTERS!

(Nur-Gishbar, Fire of Twilight, seal the four quarters!)

The Guardians of the Quarters

Then shalt thou turn to the corners between, where dwell the Terrible Guardians appointed from the time of Xa-ze-Zahak's slumber. Each must be called, for without them the circle is unguarded and thy flesh forfeit.



North-West – The Scarab of Thul

ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA KĪMA KUNUKKU!

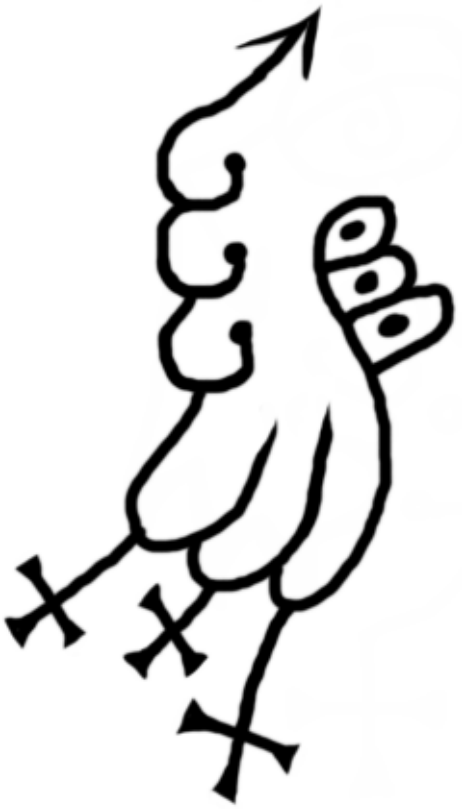
(Spell of the Sealed Sign!)

Turruh- THUL, ŠA QATNU ĪNADDU!

(O Scarab of Thul, who strikes with his hand!)

ZI ŠA KALLATU, UŠEBBI NAMTARU!

(Spirit of the shell, bind the fate of death!)



North-East – The Locust Swarm of Angra-Yoth

ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA ŠERU!

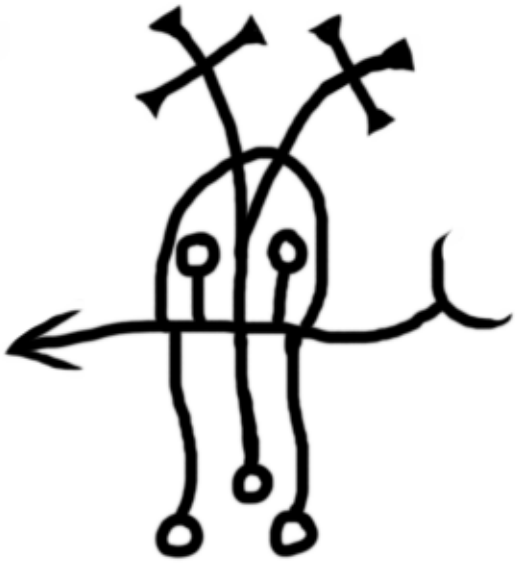
(Spell of the Swarm!)

ANGRAYOTH, ŠA SIKIL-ŠU IPPARIS ERṢETI!

(O Angra-Yoth, whose wings scatter the earth!)

MULLA UTUQ, MULLA NAMTAR!

(Devour the spirit, devour the fate!)



South-West – Zurgal the Circle Fiend

ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA QIŠTU!

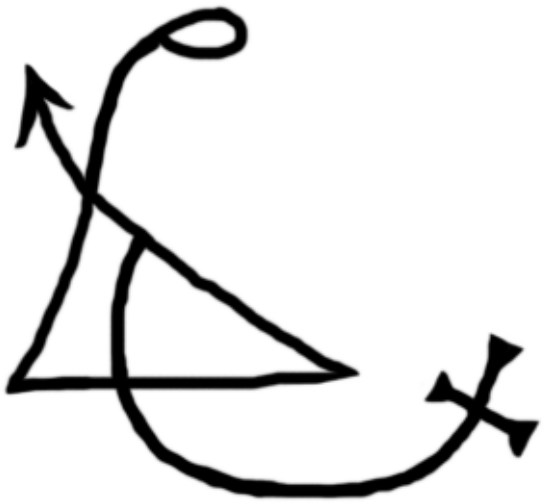
(Spell of the Cord!)

ZURGAL, ŠA KISALLU IPTEQ!

(O Zurgal, who opens the circle!)

KUNNU ŠĒDU, KUNNU ETEMMU!

(Bind the demon, bind the ghost!)



South-East – Malunah the Flayed Maiden

ÉN ŠIPTU ŠA ZIQQU!

(Spell of the Skin!)

MALUNAH, MUNUS ŠA ŠIPTU!

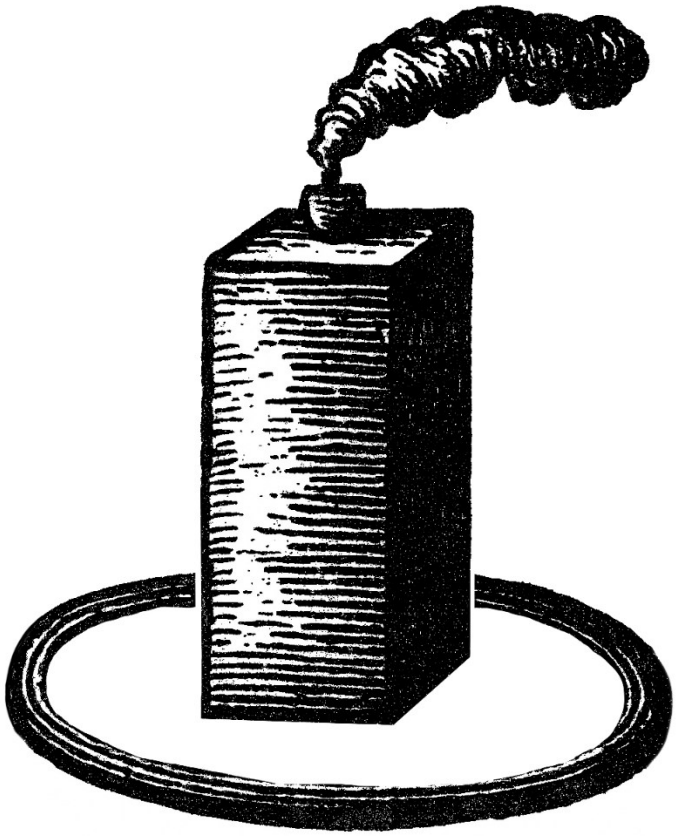
(O Malunah, Maiden of Sorcery!)

ŠA ĪNA-ŠU IPTEQ NAMTARU, ŠA ŠĒPU-ŠU ĪNADDU MĀTU!

(Whose eyes open fate, whose feet strike the land!)

The Altar in the Circle

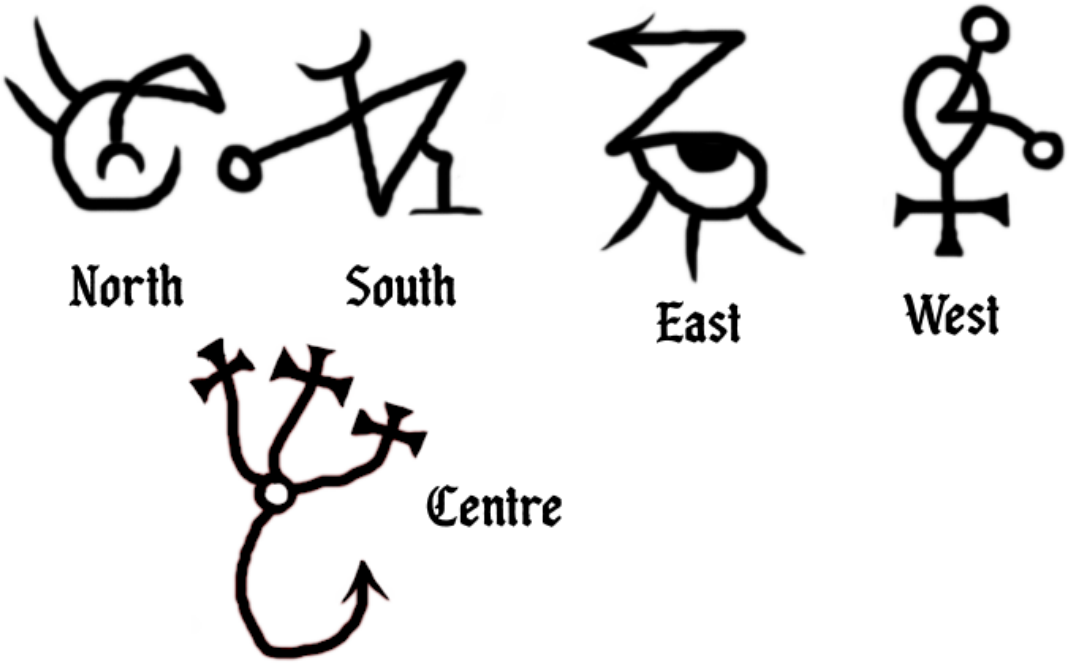
When the Four Stones and the Four Guardians are set, then raise an altar of stone or clay in the center of the circle. Upon it place the seal thou hast chosen. Place upon the seal the clay vessel of thy working. Now the circle is whole, the guardians are awake, and the fire of Nur-Gishbar burneth unseen. Then mayst thou call gods or spirits, and they shall hear and answer.



The Tablet of Namsaru

Here follows the names and mighty Seals of the thirty black cloaked riders of Namšaru. They led the armies of both sides against the three ŠEŠGALLÛ. They are thirty in number, yet each living being equates to a legion. They travel upon the dread-winds of Elta-Urah, and they arrive swiftly without delay.

Call upon them using their incantation, spoken over their blue colored flaming earthen vessel which bares these four ancient glyphs:



LUGALNAMTARHABATU

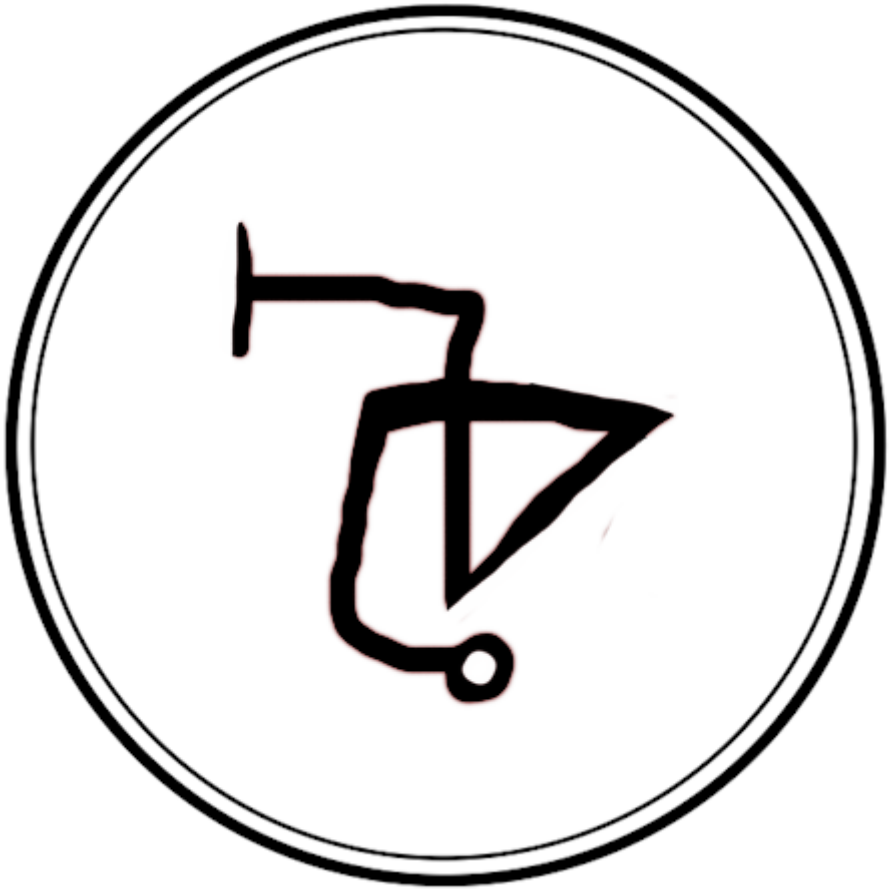
"King of Death, the Smasher of Foes"

Calls the death-spirit that smashes the bodies of one's enemies.

Word of Power: ḪABTUKKU

ENQATUŠARU

"Lord of the Hand of the Storm"

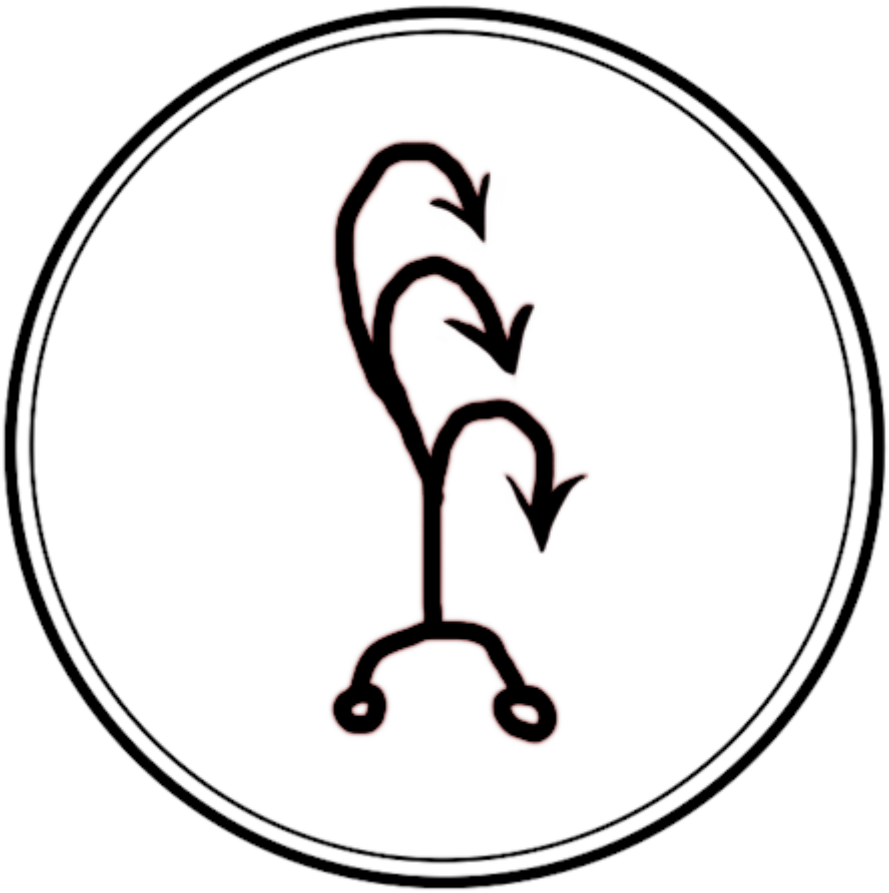


Binds spirits and men with chains of the storm-wind.

Word of Power: QATUKKU

DINGIRIGIŠŠU

"God of the Open Eye"



Opens the hidden eye, reveals secret things, unmasks lies.

Word of Power: IGITUKKU

MALAKTUPŠUR

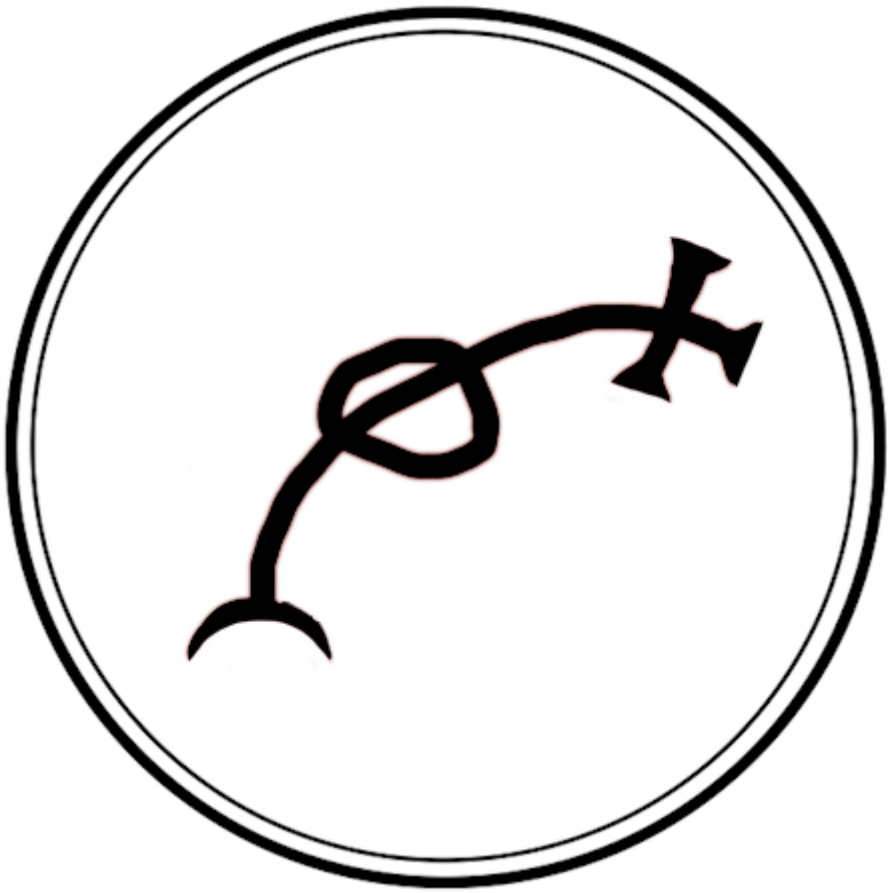
"Lady of Spells Released"

Summons sorceries to bend fate, compels spells to obey.

Word of Power: PŠURRU

LUGALUTUQXUL

"King who Expels the Evil Spirit"

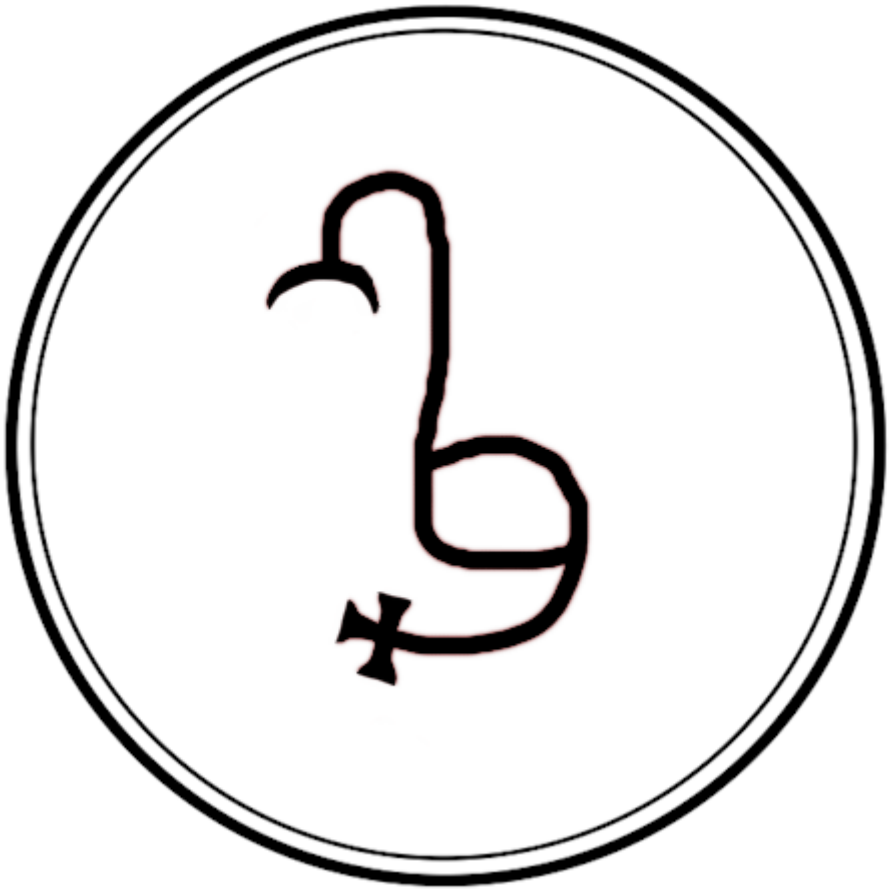


Drives away demons, galla, utukku, and all lemnūtu.

Word of Power: BARRUKKU

NISAGTUŠUNU

"Exalted Teacher of the Peoples."



Instructs, gives wisdom, makes the tongue fluent, grants sacred knowledge.

Word of Power: EMESHU

ŠIDUQATNU

"Hunter with the Strong Hand."

Hunts down enemies, tracks them without fail, delivers them bound.

Word of Power: ṢABATUKKU

DINGIRKUNDU

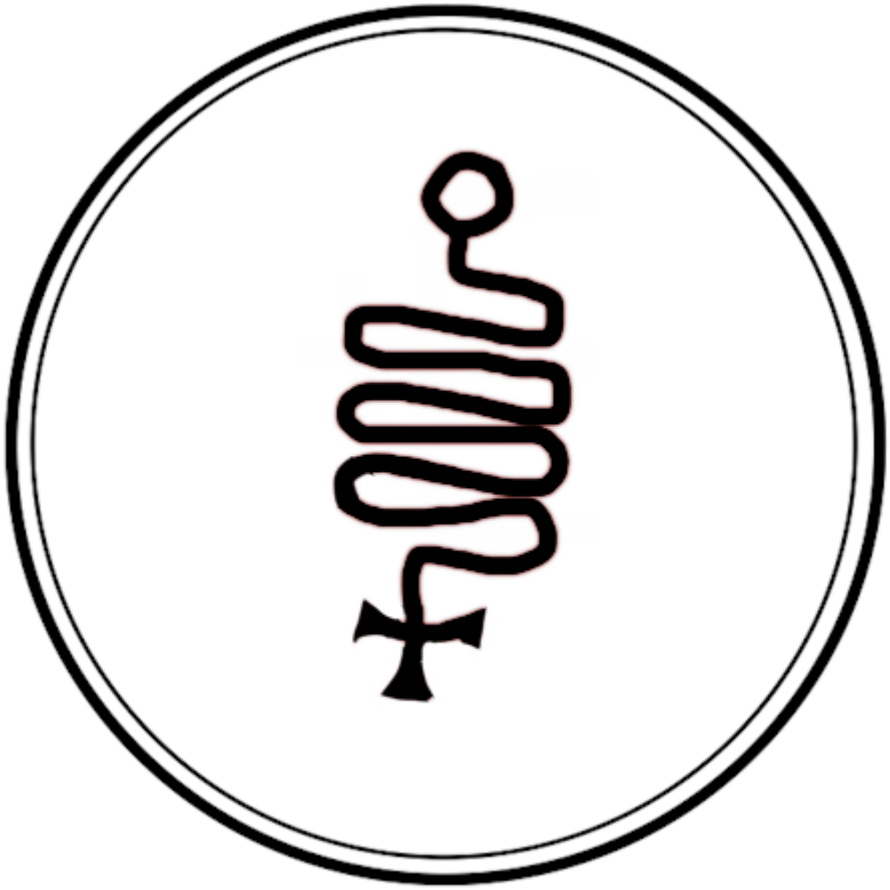
"God who Binds the Sorcerer."

Shackles evil magicians, silences their spells, devours their enchantments.

Word of Power: ASARU

LUGALERIMḪUL

"King who Destroys the Host of the Wicked."



Destroys armies, scatters troops, breaks the strength of many.

Word of Power: ḪULPARRU

ENNIGINISIQ

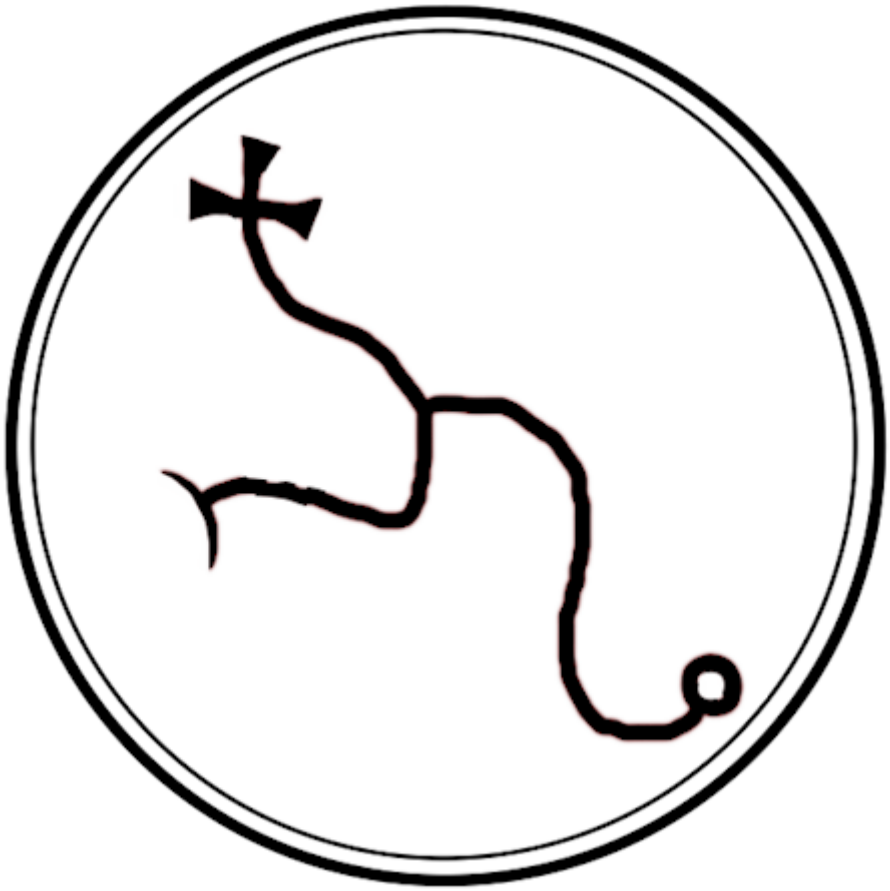
"Lord who Hinders the Enemy's Path."

Blocks, delays, and frustrates enemies; causes their way to collapse.

Word of Power: ḪESHLU

DINGIRKUZUḪUL

"God who Corrupts the Holy Place."



Causes corruption and defilement of altars, profanes the holy flame.

Word of Power: ḪULZU

ENETEMMUŠUNU

"Lord of Their Ghosts."

Gathers spirits of the dead to serve the caller, commands restless shades.

Word of Power: ETEMTUKKU

LUGALKISALTU

"King of the Sacred Offering."

Blesses temples, sanctifies offerings, strengthens priesthood.

Word of Power: KISALLU

ENKUDURBALA

"Lord who Guards the Border."

Protects property, enforces boundaries, strikes intruders with curse.

Word of Power: KUDURRU

DINGIRSADANNA

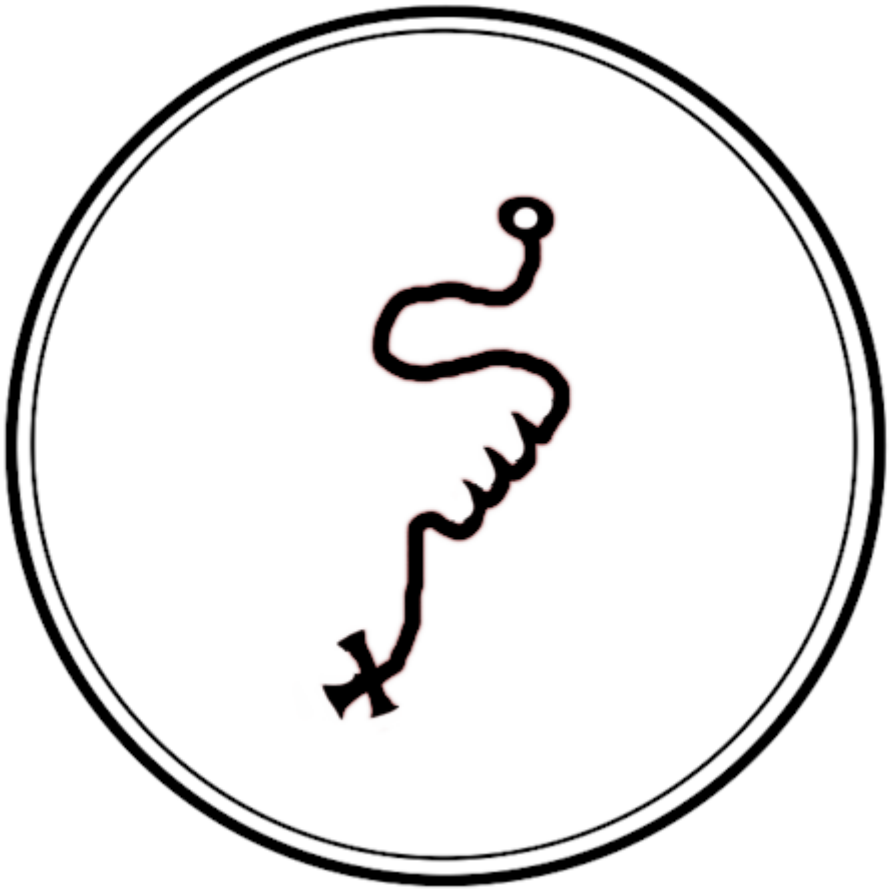
"God of the Road."

Protects the traveler from bandits, beasts, and danger along the way.

Word of Power: SADUTU

16. NISAGŠARUQABLU

"Exalted One who Divides the Host."



Reveals who is friend and who is foe, causes confusion among hidden enemies.

Word of Power: ŠARUBU

ENKISALMAḪRU

"Lord of the Great Protective Circle."

Guardian of the magick circle, keeps out spirits and hostile forces.

Word of Power: KISALRU

DINGIRZIKRUPTUM

"God who Seals the Tear."

Closes portals, seals tears between worlds, prevents unwanted intrusion.

Word of Power: UPTUKKU

LUGALRAGMUNU

"King who Kindles Desire."

Stirs passion, inflames love or lust, drives the heart into frenzy.

Word of Power: RAGMUNU

ENPARSUḪUL

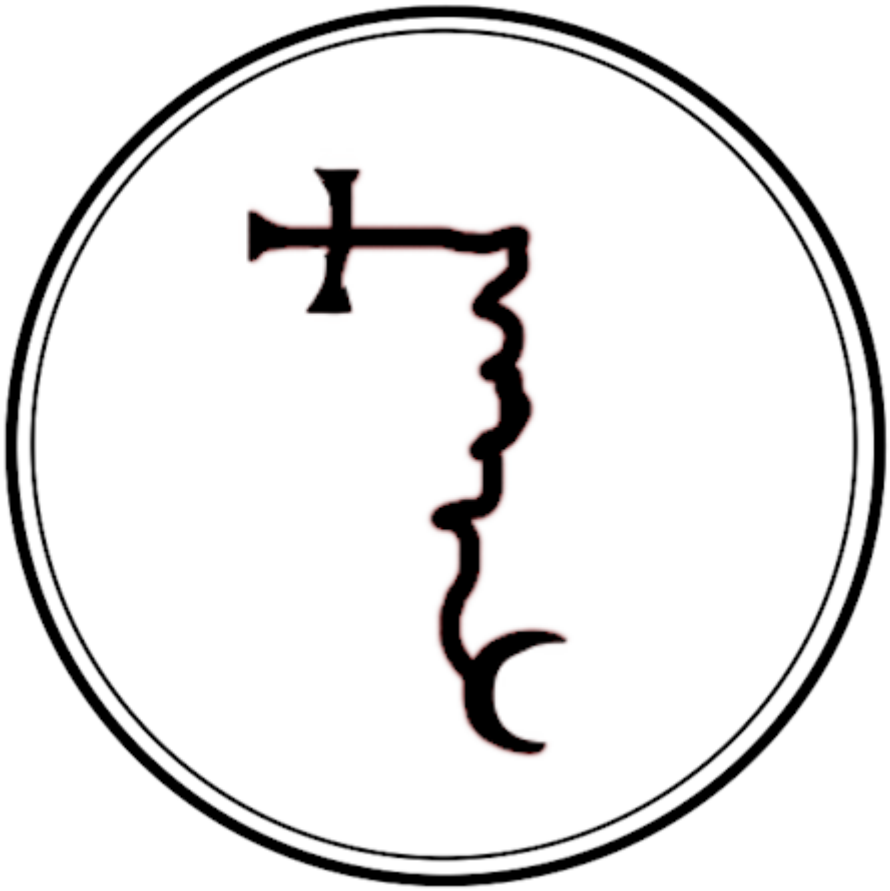
"Lord who Divides with Evil Decree."

Breaks couples, causes division among lovers, brings strife into unions.

Word of Power: PARSHUL

DINGIRDURUNAMMA

"God who Joins in Friendship."

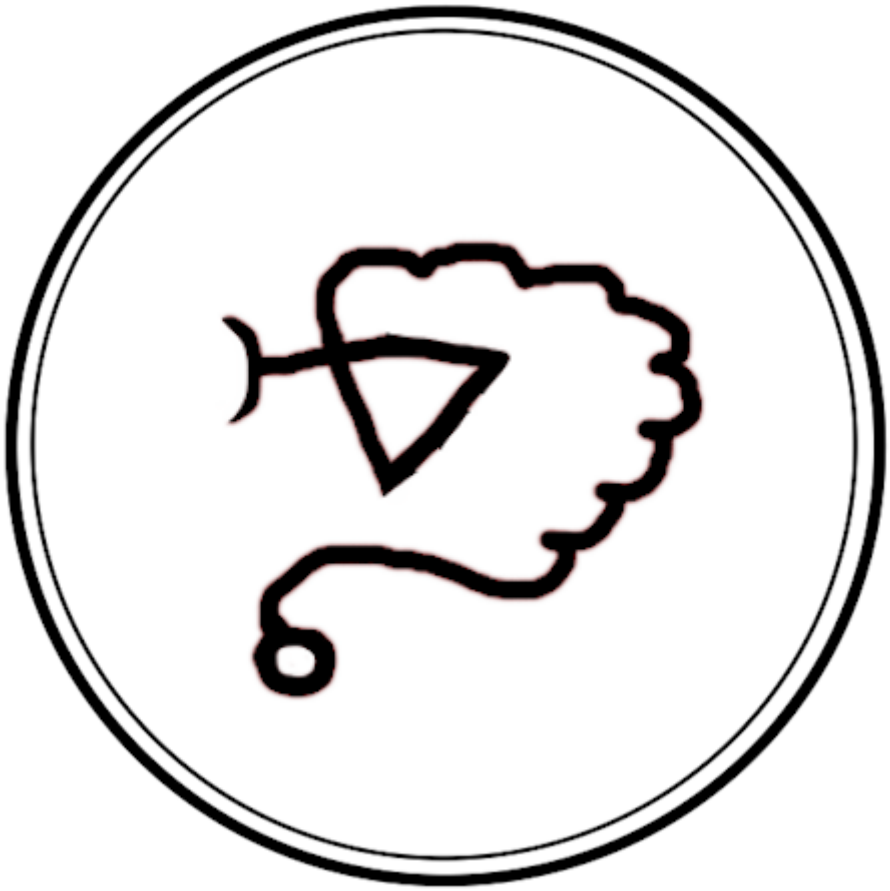


Unites friends, strengthens alliances, seals bonds of trust.

Word of Power: DURUNU

LUGALMAMITUŠAR

"King who Secures the Oath."

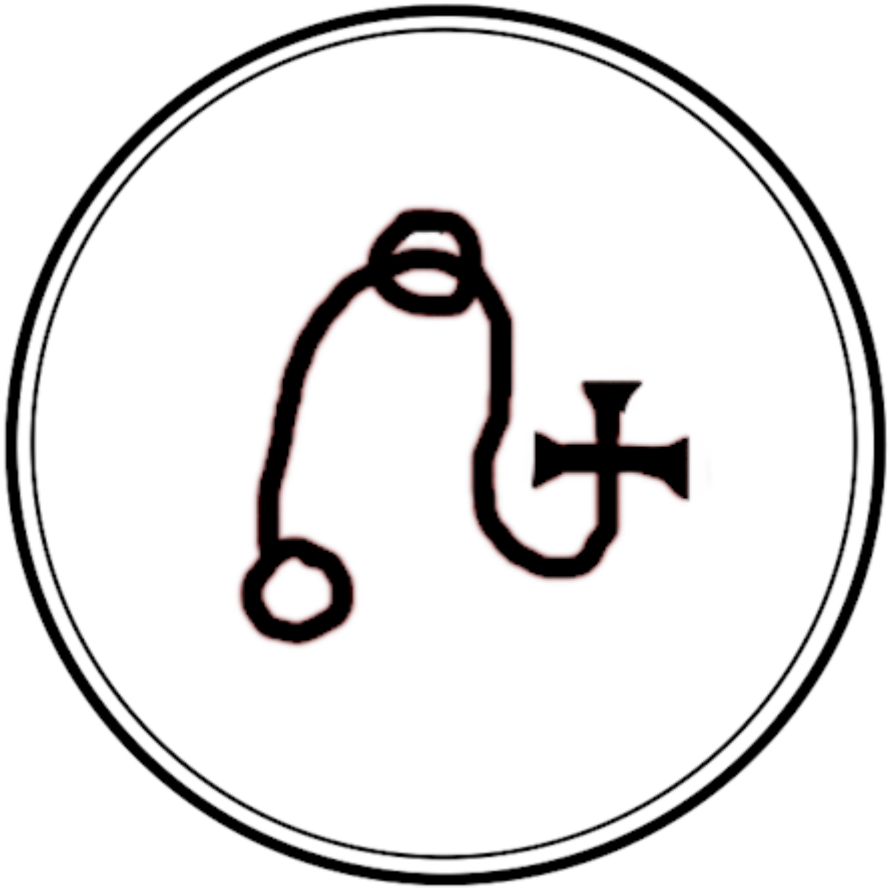


Secures sacred vows, binds promises, enforces covenants.

Word of Power: MAMTUKKU

ENQISHTUḪUL

"Lord who Corrupts the Binding Cord."



Breaks or twists cords used in sorcery or oaths, turning their strength against their maker.

Word of Power: QISHḪULU

DINGIRMUSHTUPTUM

"God who Seals the Figures."

Empowers wax images, seals them with the breath of life and fate.

Word of Power: MUSHTUKKU

LUGALMASHSHATU

"King of the Anointing."

Blesses sacred oils, makes them potent for healing, cursing, or consecration.

Word of Power: MASHU

ENMEAPSÛ

"Lord of the Waters of Apsû."

Blesses and purifies waters for libation, cleansing, and baptism.

Word of Power: APSUZU

DINGIRQUTRINNU

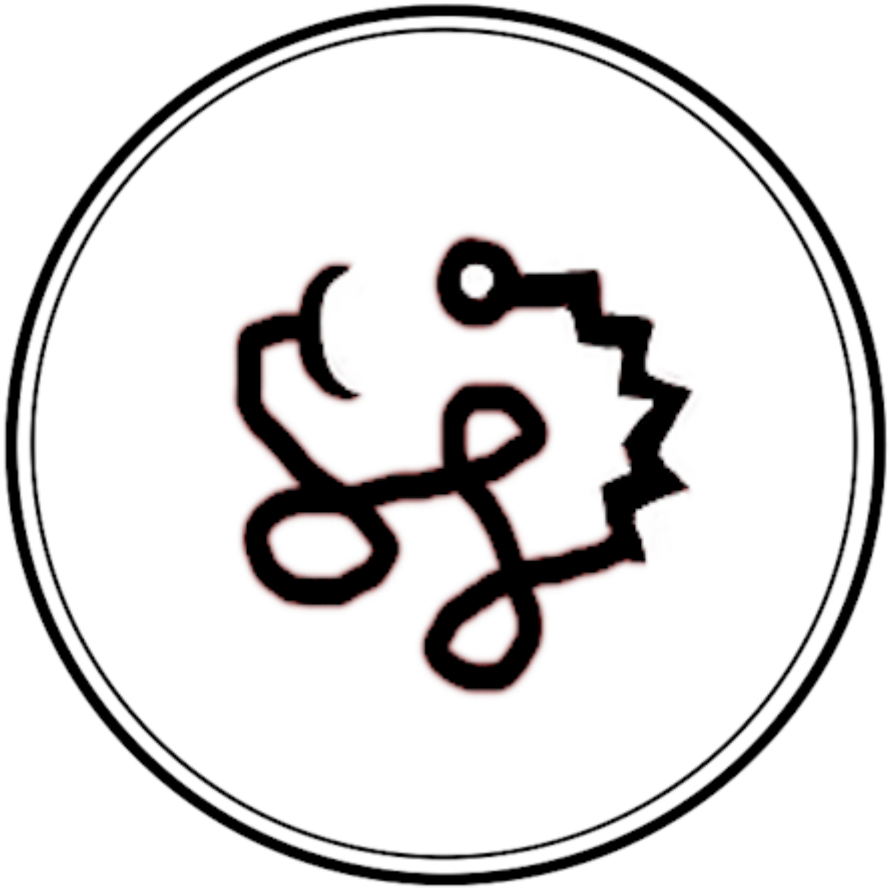
"God of the Incense Smoke."

Purifies incense, makes the smoke pleasing to gods and terrible to demons.

Word of Power: QUTRU

MALAKTULILITU

"Lady of the Night-Hags."



Gathers the lilītu and their sisters to the aid of the practitioner, bending their malice into service.

Word of Power: LILITUKKU

MALAKTUPIRISHTU

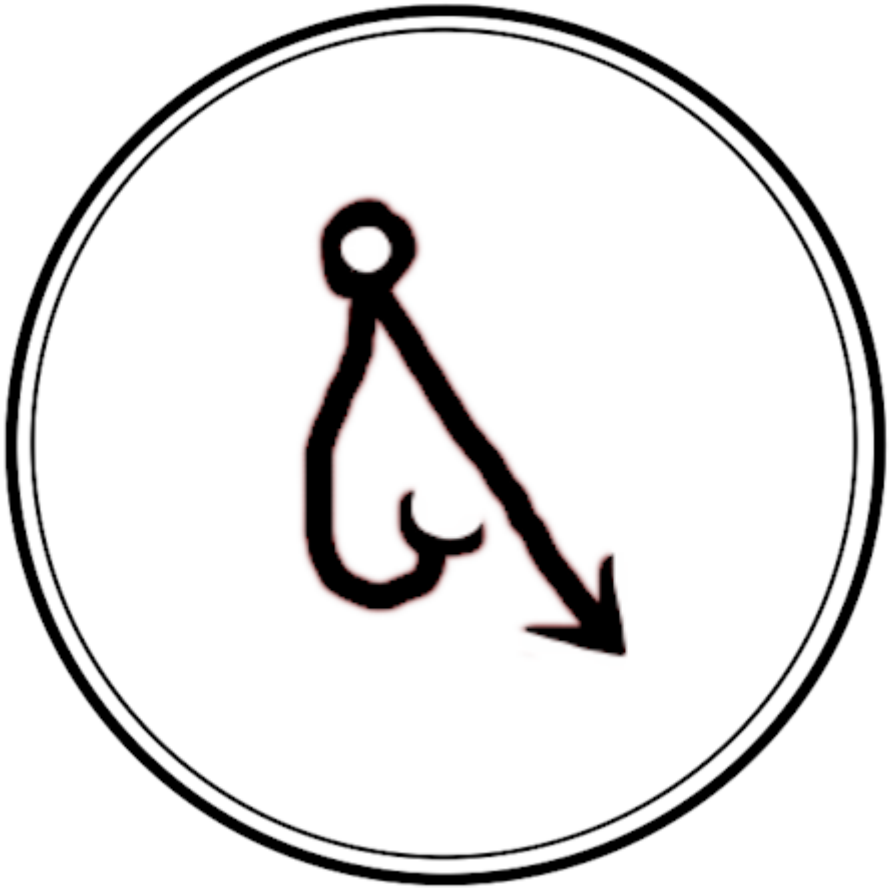
"Lady of the True Oracle."

She that grants true answers, unveils hidden knowledge, speaks the truth of divination without deception.

Word of Power: PIRISHTU

ILTUNERGALLA

"Goddess who Opens the Way."



She that grants passage to the gods, opens the gates of heaven and the underworld for the supplicant.

Word of Power: NERGALLU

The Evocation of Namsaru

ZI ANNA KANPA!

ZI KIA KANPA!

NAMŠARU, ŠA ŠUMĒ ŠLŪŠU U ŠERŠU!

DINGIRMEŠ ŠA ŠUMĒKA,

IPTEQ BĀB KUKKÛ!

ANA ŠUMĒKA ŠALĀŠŪ,

ANA ŠUMĒKA ŠERŠŪ,

LU IPPARIS NAMTARU, LU IPTUŠU ŠĒDU

NAMŠARU, ŠUMĒKA ANNÛ!

NAMŠARU, ŠUMĒKA KUNNU!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ŠU-NIGIN!

ZI ANNA KANPA!

ZI KIA KANPA!

Final Revelations of Demu

And Demu, the Wind-Spirit, whispered once more unto the wanderer Ebar-Zihrun el Samirakh, his voice now heavy as a tomb and cold as the black wind of the void:

I have shown thee visions beyond the sight of mortal men, and I have bestowed unto thee the ancient secrets of gods and abominations alike. I have spoken to thee of Xa-ze-Zahak, the Dreamer in the Void; of the Five Covenant Gods and of the Five of the Rib; of the Abominations of the Pits and their priests; of the Spectral Stars that govern the hours of power. All these things thou hast heard, O wanderer, and still I have asked nothing in return... nothing, until now.

For when thy hand caressed the glyph upon the wall of this ruin, in that very moment thou didst enter into covenant with me. Thou didst open the seal of thine obedience, and thy soul is mine. Thou art bound not by word but by touch, not by oath but by act.

Hear me then, Ebar-Zihrun el Samirakh. Gather unto me four others — outcasts, shunned of men, despised of kin, cast aside as broken vessels. Let them come to this place, and let them join themselves to thee. Together ye shall raise five temples in my honor.

For I, Demu, am no mere spirit of wind, nor whispering guide of visions. I am Barrah-Du-Zakar, the First Cause, the quarreler of the gods, the thief of the rib of Xa-ze-Zahak. I am he who hateth the Covenant, who despiseth the Twilight Sword, who mocketh the Dreamer's repose.

Build ye then my temples, for through them shall my Bitter Stars enter the world again. And through the hands of outcasts shall the First Cause be enthroned...

ZI ANNA KANPA!

ZI KIA KANPA!

Fin

In Closing

Reader, if you have come thus far, you stand already at the threshold. Know that THUL was never fashioned as ornament or idle curiosity. It is a gate, and each page you turn is a key that turns within its lock. Beyond it lies no comfort, but the path of fire and shadow, where myth and rite are one.

We have set down here the bones of gods and the breath of specters; we have carved tablets from vision, and drawn rites out of dream. The Covenant and the Rib, the Hunters and the Dead, the shrines, the circles, the Guardians of the Quarters—all are given to you not as tale, but as praxis. You may raise what we have raised, call what we have called, bind what we have bound. In doing so, you will find that THUL is alive, for the book itself is a shrine, and every name written within it is a door.

Yet take heed: this is not a text to be handled lightly. To recite its incantations without preparation is to summon powers without mastery. To mock its rites is to draw the laughter of things that do not forgive. Approach, then, with reverence and with resolve. For those who dare, THUL will not only speak—it will answer.

We, its authors, offer it as both homage and challenge, as continuation of the forbidden tradition and as its renewal. If you would read THUL, then read it with your whole being. If you would work its magick, then let your hands, your breath, and your blood become its ink.

Only thus will the Covenant stir, only thus will the Rib rise, only thus will the myths awaken to walk once more among the living.

THUL is yours now. Whether it leads to dominion or to undoing lies not in the book, but in the hand that dares to open it.

We, the authors, set forth this work as both homage and continuation of the tradition of forbidden grimoires, yet THUL is no mere echo — it is its own covenant, its own mythology, its own working system of sorcery.

This is a workable system of magick. Each myth carries its ritual counterpart; each incantation is paired to a precise act; each name is a key. The grimoire has been written not as idle myth-making, but as a complete structure of dark practice, to be feared, studied, and — for those willing to bear its weight — used.

We give this work into the hands of the reader with neither apology nor false comfort. To approach THUL is to enter the twilight where gods and abominations contend, where the black flame of Nur-Gishbar burns unseen, and where the Covenant itself takes notice of those who dare.

If you close this book and do nothing, then it remains words on a page. But if you open its seals in practice, then you are no longer merely a reader — you are a participant in the Covenant of Twilight, and the powers herein will answer.

Take heed, then. This book is a path for the daring, a curse for the careless, and a covenant for the chosen. Thus ends THUL: The Book of Darkness.

For those who desire more, we also intend to offer a physically printed edition of THUL. This edition will include additional chapters not present in the free digital version—expansions of myth, ritual, and praxis for the dedicated practitioner. Unlike the digital release, the printed edition will not be free, but will be published at the same cost as our other written works.

About the Authors

Baron and Baronessa Araignee are the pseudonyms of Rheiner and Vanessa Le Roux, a married couple who currently resides on the Southern Coast of South Africa. Starting their practices in 1987, they have delved into and have mastered various Occult paradigms and religious sects.

They are ordained minsters under the International Metaphysical Ministry (University Seminary) and at the time of this particular publication, they have been awarded their Bachelors Degrees in Metaphysical Sciences (B.Msc) and are currently working towards their Masters and Doctoral degrees in various fields.

They have been at the head of many houses, however, have since retired from this duty, fully perusing their own path. Apart from devoting themselves fully to their own spiritual growth and ascension, they have many students in various fields of the Occult, and still provide services of a spiritual nature to those who seek it - under the business name of Araignee Arcane Services.

They are also the founders and owners of a dedicated Occult publishing house, entitled The Arcane Press.

They are perceived as being quiet and reserved, mostly keeping to themselves, and tending to their matters of choice.

All information is correct at time of print.

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